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Valparaiso High School
annual

High School Annual

1909

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VALPARAISO HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL

Published
By The

Class *of* Nineteen Hundred *and* Nine

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To

THE FACULTY

of the

Valparaiso High School

This Annual Is Respectfully

Dedicated

ARTHUR A. HUGHART

Superintendent

Valparaiso High School, 1889; Wabash College, A. B., 1893; Principal of Hebron Schools, 1893-95; Wabash College, A. M., 1898; Superintendent of Porter County Schools, 1895-1902; Superintendent of Valparaiso City Schools since 1902; Instructor in Botany, Zoology and Reviews.

Eugene Skinkle, B. S., Principal. Department of Mathematics; took special course in Mathematics at Valparaiso University; has taught in V. H. S. eleven years. Principal since 1908.

Nona MacQuilkin—Associate Ph. B. University of Chicago; Department of English. Graduated from Englewood High School; awarded scholarship at U. of C. in 1900; worked at U. of C. summers of 1901, 1905 and 1907, and at Chautauqua, New York, part of 1906; member of Chicago English Club; Principal of Lowell (Ind.) High School for two years; Principal of V. H. S. for five years.

Minnie C. McIntyre—Department of History. Has been a student at Valparaiso University and University of Chicago, since graduating from High School; has taught in V. H. S. since 1903. Instructor in Civics and Current Events.

E. S. Miller, B. S., A. B., A. M.—Department of Science. Graduated Valparaiso University, 1892; Indiana University, 1901; Principal at Chesterton and Wheeler; has taught in V. H. S. since 1903.

Mabel Benney, A. B.—Department of Latin. Instructor in English and Spelling; graduated from V. H. S. in 1886; studied at Valparaiso 1896-97; graduated from University of Chicago 1903; has taught in V. H. S. since 1903.

Albert Wedeking, Pg. B., A. B.—Department of German; Instructor in English and Algebra. Graduated from Valparaiso University, 1908; came to V. H. S. 1908.

F. Ray Marine, B. Acct.—Department of Phonography. Instructor in Book-keeping, Parliamentary Law and Penmanship. Graduated from V. H. S. in 1906; Phonography, Valparaiso University, 1907; came to V. H. S. in 1907.

Mabel Flint—Department of Music. Instructor in Theory. Graduate Robert Foresman School of Music, 1907. Came to V. H. S. in 1905.

Mae McKinnis—Department of Domestic Art. Graduated from Thomas Manual Training School of Detroit, 1905; taught in Tilman Mission School, Detroit, 1905; taught in Tipton, Ind., 1906; came to V. H. S. in 1907.

THE GRADUATE
DSWEET09

SENIOR CLASS

COLORS--Green *and* Gold

CLASS FLOWER--Daffodil

OFFICERS

President - - - WALLACE WILSON
Vice President - - - ZELLA LANDIS
Secretary - - GRACE DILLINGHAM
Treasurer - - SIMON SHINABARGER

CLASS ROLL

Finette Bartholomew
Rebecca Bartholomew
Claude Beach
Corinne Blount
Hazel Bundy
Margaret Campbell
Alice Cornell
Kathryn Daly
Rose Detlef
Grace Dillingham
Lloyd Foster
Helen Hoffman
Nancy Johnson
William Johnston, Jr.
Mary Houlehan
Dorothy Letherman
Zella Landis
Flora Lembke
Edith Marimon
Agnes Huntington
Laura Nuppnau
Alice Pearce
Berniece Reynolds
Vera Sieb
Pearle Stoner
Simon Shinabarger
Lena Take
Alta Whitzman
Wallace Wilson

Edith Marimon	Wallace Wilson	Helen Hoffman	Alta Whitzman

Edith Marimon. "She is not in the role of common women."

Wallace Wilson—Class President '08-'09. In County Oratorical Contest '09; Captain Baseball Team; Basketball; Athletic Editor; V. H. S. Representative to U. of C. Declamation Contest Nov. 13th. Wallace was first known as "Wallie," but upon attaining the position of President of '09 class he became known as President Wallace B. Wilson. Since then he has been well known for his prodigious bluffs and many class meetings.

Helen Hoffman. Helen deserves a Carnegie medal. She has completed the course in three years and a half and has always had a cheerful mien under the burden of her five studies; so we are certain she will develop into an actress of first-rate ability.

Alta Whitzman. Nature kindly endowed her with poetic genius and during her high school career she has endowed us with many beautiful ballads.

AGNES HUNTINGTON | GRACE DILLINGHAM | FLORA LEMBKE | CORINNE BLOUNT

Agnes Huntington—A T. M. P. Agnes is so terribly modest that she always goes about telling people she is going to flunk, but never does. She is well known for her German translations.

Grace Dillingham—A T. M. P. Class Secretary '09. Grace, the official secretary of the class, is everybody's friend. She has always been a bright spot in the life of the school.

Flora Lembke—A T. M. P. One of those dear girls whom everybody loves and admires; one of those quiet people who do things without talking about it.

Corinne Blount—Treasurer '08; Class Historian; Assistant Joke Editor. Corinne is a small person with the distinction of being the youngest person in the class.

Alice Cornell	Laura Nuppnau	Lloyd Foster	Vera Sieb

Alice Cornell—A Chiriguana; W. A. B.; R. D. O.; in Second Preliminary Oratorical Contest. She has gained reputation for the artistic management of her coiffure.

Laura Nuppnau—A Chiriguana; in Second Preliminary Oratorical Contest. Fair, square and jolly as a girl can be. After four years of patient labor Laura has at last succeeded in attaining the '09 championship for talking in class.

Lloyd Foster—Assistant Business Manager Annual; Joke Editor. Lloyd holds the record for being the best natured man in the class. His love for fun and his non-worrying ability have gained him many friends.

Vera Sieb—A Chirignana; W. A. B.; R. D. O.; in Second Oratorical Contest '09; Alumni Editor Annual. She is one of the most popular persons that have the honor of graduating from the high school. In her second year she attended Lake Erie College, Painesville, Ohio, with such success that she has easily finished the required four year's work.

HAZEL BUNDY | DOROTHY LETHERMAN | BERNIECE REYNOLDS | ZELLA LANDIS

Hazel Bundy. "All the teachers love me."

Dorothy Letherman—W. A. B.; R. D. O. Neat, sweet, petite Dorothy has "seen" her duty and "done" it nobly.

Berniece Reynolds—A Chiriguana; R. D. O.; Second Preliminary Oratorical Contest; Society Editor; Assistant Joke Editor; Class Prophet. Without doubt Berniece is a brilliant piece of girlhood and withal she is sweet and jolly. Perhaps she is a bit of a dreamer for star-gazing is said to be mapped out for her future pastime.

Zella Landis—R. D. O. Vice-President '09. Zella has been a Latin prodigy all her life, for when she was three days old she startled her nurse by standing alone and exclaiming, "Non scholae sed vitae discimus."

Rebecca Bartholomew	Margaret Campbell	Claude Beach	Finette Bartholomew

Rebecca finished her High School course without much trouble, and graduated at the end of the Christmas term of '08. Since then she has attended Valparaiso University.

Margaret Campbell—V. H. S. representative to U. of C. Declamation Contest November 13th. Margaret has rough-housed jubilantly through all her classes and succeeded in making the faculty believe she has sufficient knowledge and credits to graduate.

Claude Beach—Business Manager Annual. Claude Beach, noted for his red hair and good nature, first came into prominence by his phenomenal bluffs in solid geometry, for they are so daring that he certainly will make a splendid acquisition to our fire department.

Finette Bartholomew—In Second Preliminary Oratorical Contest. Tall and stately Finette, the class beauty, made her debut as the Goddess of Liberty in the Lincoln entertainment.

Rose Detleff	Simon Shinabarger	Alice Pearce	Kathryn Daly

Rose Detlef—Assistant High School Pianist. Pretty much of a shark, yet too conscientious to bluff, this quiet Senior dug her way through the four years with the least fuss of any '09 girl.

Simon Shinabarger—Class Treasurer '09. Are his accounts straight? He "do not know."

Alice Pearce. Alice has been one of the most conscientious of the '09's and her chief enjoyment has been talking in geometry class.

Kathryn Daly. Kathryn has her trouble. She simply hates chemistry and "simply can't" remember her experiments from last year.

PEARLE STONER | WILLIAM JOHNSTON, JR. | NANCY JOHNSON

Pearle Stoner. Pearle has always been one of the quiet sort and will be until she finishes her school course; then she will come to realize her powers and will become known in literary circles. She will be the good "Auntie" who keeps the little nieces and nephews in loving expectation of their country visit.

William Johnston, Jr.—Editor-in-Chief Annual; Second Preliminary Oratorical Contest; in Baseball Team; Debating Society. Youngest boy in class and has the most credits of any member. It is his opinion, as well as ours, that what he does not know is not worth knowing.

Nancy Johnson. Nancy did not come to us until her Junior year, but since then she has been so efficient in Latin that in the course of time we expect her to occupy the chair of Latin in a Woman's College.

Ex-Members.

Homer Barnes
Clarence Beach
Lewis Benham
Rhoda Biggs
Louise Black
Robert Bogarte
Eldie Bullock
Mabel Bundy
Charles Cain
William Cain
Nora Cook
Hazel Corkins
Bess Dickover
Homer Fisher
Gertrude Gordon
Minerva Hanrahan
Sarah Hermance
Shirley Hermance
Edith Beck
Goldie Johnson

Bonnie Huddleston
Minnie Jungjohan
Lottie Kaehny
Elsie Keding
Ralph Kowns
Irene Lowenstine
Phil Mewhirter
Leland Benton
Helen Miller
Harold Pagin
Thomas Riebly
Cora Smith
Walter Smith
Florence Smith
Lillian Thune
Anna Wilgen
John Sullivan
Clarence Brown
Harry Mead
Charles Lemster

Calendar of Commencement Week
May 23 to 28, 1909

Sunday, May 23, 10:30 a. m.

BACCALAUREATE SERMON, at Baptist Church

By Rev. Stewart Ira Long

Thursday, May 27, 8:00 p. m.

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES, at Memorial Opera House

Address by Dr. Wm. Byron Forbush

Friday, May 28, 8:00 p. m.

RECEPTION TO CLASS OF 1909

At High School Building

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES

March - - - - - - - *Orchestra*

Invocation - - - - - *Rev. J. M. Avann*

Music - - - - *Girls High School Glee Club*

Address - *"The Torch Race"* - *Dr. Wm. Byron Forbush*

Music - - - - *Girls High School Glee Club*

Presentation of Diplomas - - -

Benediction - - - - -

THE HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL

EDITED BY THE CLASS OF 1909

WILLIAM JOHNSTON, JR.	Editor-in-Chief
CORINNE BLOUNT	Assistant Editor
BERNIECE REYNOLDS	Assistant Editor
CLAUDE BEACH	Business Manager
LLOYD FOSTER	Assistant Business Manager

CORINNE BLOUNT, Class History	EDITH MARIMON, Class Will
VERA SIEB, Alumni	BERNIECE REYNOLDS, Society
LLOYD FOSTER, Jokes	WALLACE WILSON, Athletics

Editorial Department.

GREETINGS TO ALL THROUGH THIS 1909 ANNUAL!

May it be read in the spirit in which it was written,—that of loyalty to our school and good-fellowship with all its members.

We, the editors, have tried to improve the Annual and feel that our effort has been fairly successful. We have had our share of the trials that go hand in hand with the great honor and dignity of our office. We offer no apology but present our little book for your instruction or entertainment.

We wish to express our appreciation of the hearty co-operation of every member of the class and faculty. Especially, we thank Mr. Skinkle and Miss MacQuilkin, our proof-readers, and Miss Harriet L. Doswell, of Winona, and Edward Langley, of this city, for artistic drawings.

And not least of all we wish to gratefully acknowledge the generosity of our business men and women whose liberal patronage has made the publication of this Annual possible.

—THE EDITORS.

In Memoriam

Harold Pagin

Was born June 10, 1892, at Valparaiso, Ind., and died Sept. 21, 1907, at Kankakee, Illinois, after an illness of only five days. He entered the Columbia School in September, 1898, and the Valparaiso High School, Sept. 4, 1905, having completed the work of the grades in his thirteenth year. For nine years he was the intimate friend and companion of many of the members of the Class of 1909. And recalling his happy, merry spirit, his kindly disposition, the brilliant promise of his youth, and his noble submission in the hour of death, we, his classmates offer this tribute to his memory.

A La Mikado.

AS IT annually happens that
some graduates be found,
They've got a little list,—
they've got a little list
Of witty, pretty coeds and
students most profound,
From the High School they'll be missed
—they are wanted to assist
In the panoramic pageant,—the moving
picture show,
The soul-inspiring grand march,—the
wise triumphant row.
They've been carefully selected and
from first to last,
Are qualified particularly for this all
star cast.
'Tis very gratifying for those whose
names are on the list,
But they'll all of 'em be missed—they'll
all of 'em be missed!

Hazel Bundy, Kathryn Daly, Margaret
Campbell,
They've got 'em on the list—they've
got 'em on the list!
With Flora Lembke, Alta Whitzman
and fair Alice Cornell,
They surely will be missed—they surely
will be missed!
There's the clever Berniece Reynolds,
and her equal, Corinne Blount,
Alert and ever ready with an intellectual stunt;
Helen Hoffman, Lena Take and Agnes
Huntington
Are now to be remembered for the good
work they have done.
Grace Dillingham and Alice Pearce, the
vocalist,—
Will all of 'em be missed—will all of
'em be missed!

The lofty Laura Nuppnau and our goddess, Vera Sieb,
They've got 'em on the list—they've
got 'em on the list!
Incomparable contestants with the immortal Hebe
They surely will be missed—they surely
will be missed!
Dainty Dorothy Letherman, the sun-
crowned lass,
The popular Pearle Stoner of the ne plus
ultra class;
The gifted Edith Marimon, and Zella
Landis too,
And the beautiful Rebecca and Finette
Bartholomew;
Nancy Johnson, Rose Detlef, domestic
scientist,—
Will all of 'em be missed—will all of
'em be missed!

Claude Beach knows the sporting news
from Wanatah to Pekin,
They've got him on the list,—and
Lloyd Foster, humorist,
With Simon Shinabarger, commonly
called "Deacon,"
They surely will be missed—they surely
will be missed!
Athletic Wallace Wilson,—president of
the class,
Has all the manly virtues heaped upon
him en masse;
While William Johnston, Junior, an optimist by trade,
Wears the smile that won't come off,
since his credits he has made;
O! they're the "flower" of the High
School, made out of this year's grist,
So they put 'em on the list—they put
'em on the list.

Chorus:

Oh, they'll none of 'em resist—if their
names are on the list;
But they'll all of 'em be missed—they'll
all of 'em be missed!

—WM. JOHNSTON.

Vera Sieb ..... Passion Flower
Laura Nuppnau ..... Sun Flower
Simon Shinabarger ..... Wax Plant
Nancy Johnson ..... Primrose
Dorothy Letherman ..... Calla Lily
Edith Marimon ..... Forget-me-not
Alice Cornell ..... Red Rose
Grace Dillingham ..... Sweet Clover
Berniece Reynolds ..... Touch-me-not
Kathryn Daly ..... Hollyhock
Alice Pearce ..... Chrysanthemum
Finette Bartholomew ..... American Beauty
Alta Whitzman ..... Sensitive Plant
Wm. Johnston ..... Sage
Rose Detlef ..... Peony
Hazel Bundy ..... Smartweed
Claude Beach ..... Red Top
Helen Hoffman ..... Mistletoe
Zella Landis ..... Marguerite
Lloyd Foster ..... Rubber Plant
Wallace Wilson ..... Dandelion
Margaret Campbell ..... Daisy
Corinne Blount ..... Blue Bell
Agnes Huntington ..... Coquette
Flora Lembke ..... Pink
Rebecca Bartholomew ..... Mignonette
Lena Take ..... Lavender
Pearle Stoner ..... Petunia
Mary Heulahan ..... Violet

Class History.

HE graduating class of '09 had the distinction of being the first Freshman class to enter the new High School building. To be sure, they missed all the fun that the upper classes had in the High School over the Post Office, but they were so little and unprotected and frightened in their Freshman year that they couldn't have appreciated any jokes or pranks such as Freshmen are usually up to. They were completely overawed by the magnitude of the Assembly Hall, the austerity of the faculty and the gigantic size and icy stares of the upper class men.

Of course the boys ran the gauntlet of the paddles on the first day of their High School careers in September, 1904, and the girls were formally received by the Faculty in the Library. That memorable first year the class was sixty-two strong, but in the middle of the year one of their number launched her life ship upon the sea of matrimony and from that time forth the number diminished. Most of the sixty-two took the German course, although the Latin was strong. At that time there was a rumor prevalent to the effect that German was easier than Latin and, consequently, the German class had to be divided into two sections in order to accommodate all of the students.

During the Sophomore year the class was greatly diminished in numbers, but vastly greater in stature and wisdom. The members had a perfect knowledge of the location of the class rooms and wondered at the youth of the Freshmen and materially assisted at the initiation of those unfortunates.

When the class reached the third milestone of its high school life its number was still smaller. Several members left school entirely, others became enrolled on the records of other educational institutions, and one member, Harold Pagin, was called to join the School of the Great Teacher. Four people were added to the class that year who were to become prominent members—Dorothy Letherman, Edith Marimon, Nancy Johnson and Berniece Krieger. During the year the class became prominent in athletics. A Junior basketball team was organized and there our Wallace laid the foundation for his present skill in basketing the ball. Social functions, hay-rack and band-wagon excursions, theatre parties, skating parties, dinners and other affairs crowded the year with excitement.

An ancient custom prevails among all Junior classes to give the graduating class a farewell party. In accordance with this custom the Juniors assembled and elected their first officers: Wallace Wilson, President; Vera Sieb, Vice-President; Berniece Reynolds, Secretary, and Corinne Blount, Treas-

urer. After many heated discussions as to the manner of entertaining the Seniors it was finally decided that the Juniors invite the Seniors to a "hop" in Armory Hall on the evening of May 25th.

For two weeks before the glorious event the Junior girls were busy making pennants and, the day before, both boys and girls decorated the hall. Their efforts were well rewarded for the hall never looked so well before, and the Seniors were gracious enough to say that it would be almost impossible for it to look prettier. The "hop" was the final event of the season and finished the career of the Seniors who grieved because they had completed the four years' course and had finished their High School records.

As a Senior body, the class has been a wonderful one. Wallace was again chosen President and, besides serving in that capacity in a highly acceptable manner and acquiring more than local fame at basketball, he has found time aside from his studies to devote himself to oratory. He represented Valparaiso High School in the Declamation Contest at Chicago University in November, 1908, and was Valparaiso's contestant in the County Oratorical Contest in April, 1909. The class of '09 is honored in claiming also Valparaiso's other contestant. Dorothy Arvin, as an ex-member. In the early part of the year the class met together to select a class pin. After many meetings they finally chose a little gold owl bearing a fitting inscription as an appropriate badge of their advanced state of wisdom. The class decided that during its last year of toil it would enjoy itself to the highest possibility. Therefore, on one occasion, they occupied the gymnasium informally; on another, they called en masse on a young lady and her friend, incidentally interrupting a quarrel; and on another they took their suppers and mounted a hay-rack and went out to Grace Dillingham's. It is unnecessary to say that they enjoyed themselves on this last occasion.

Toward the end of the year there is always a frantic scramble to make up delinquent credits, but failures are uncommon and will be so in the class of '09. Although our number is less than half as great as when we were Freshmen, still, twenty-eight of us—twenty-three girls and five boys—will walk the plank on the night of May 28th, graduates of Valparaiso High School.

—CORINNE BLOUNT.

V. H. S.

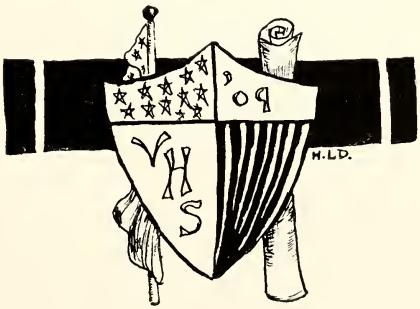
V. H. S.! 'tis of thee,
High School grandissime!
Of thee I sing;
School where the faithful plied!
Hughart's and Skinkle's pride!
Through all thy portals wide
Let wisdom ring.

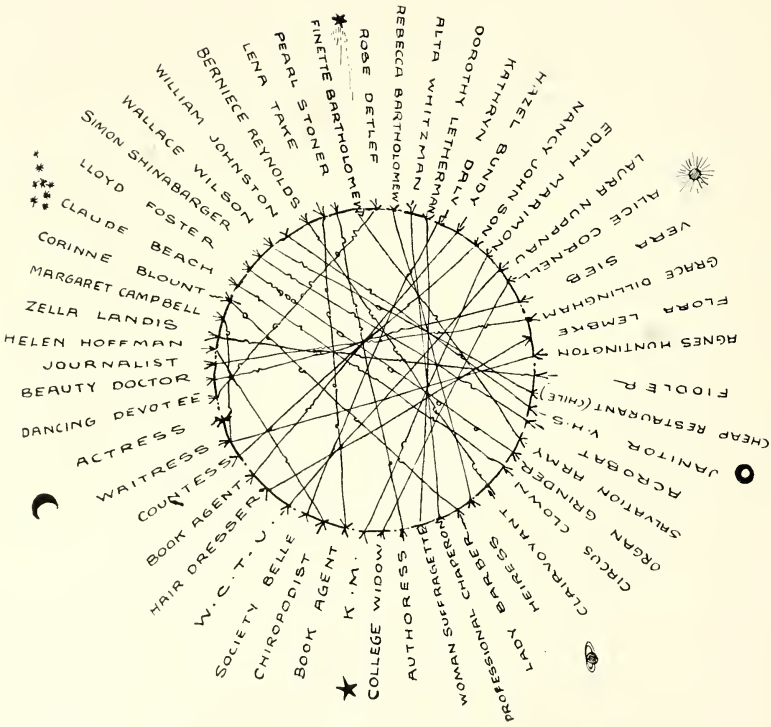
My alma mater, thee,
Fount of diploma-cy!
And fads galore:
I love each frescoed wall,
Platform, stern desk and all
School-mates, what'er befall,
I thee adore.

Let "Rah, Rahs" rend the air,
Let Juniors brave and fair
Hail Valpo's banner;
Let Freshmen's tongues awake;
Let Sophomores partake;
While Seniors all records break,
To do thee honor.

Teachers and text-books! thee,
Now to posterity,
We do resign:
Long may our minds be bright,
Charged with thy classic light;
Illuminate with all thy might,
Nineteen ought nine!

—WM. JOHNSTON.




ROSE DETLEF
FINETTE BARTHOLOMEW
PEARL STONER
LENA TATE
BERNIECE REYNOLDS
WILLIAM JOHNSTON
WALLACE WILSON
SIMON SHINABARGER
LLOYD FOSTER
CLAUDE BEACH
CORINNE BLOUNT
MARGARET CAMPBELL
ZELLA LANDIS
HELEN HOFFMAN
JOURNALIST
BEAUTY DOCTOR
DANCING DEVOTEE
ACTRESS
WAITRESS
COUNTESS
BOOK AGENT
HAIR DRESSER
W.C.T.U.
SOCIETY BELLE
CHIROPODIST
BOOK AGENT
K.M.
COLLEGE WIDOW
AUTHORESS
WOMAN SUFFRAGETTE
PROFESSIONAL CHAPERONE
LADY
HERESS
CLAIRVOYANT
CIRCUS
ORGAN GRINDER
SALVATION ARMY
ACROBAT
JANITOR
V.H.S.
CHEAP RESTAURANT (CHILE)
FIDDLE P.
AGNES HUNTINGTON
FLORA LEMBKE
GRACE DILLINGHAM
VERA SIEB
ALICE CORNELL
LAURA NUPARMON
EDITH MARIMON
NANCY JOHNSON
HAZEL BUNDY
KATHRYN
DOROTHY LETHERMAN
ALTA WHITZMAN
REBECCA BARTHOLOMEW

Class Will.

E, the Senior class of 1909, being in good health and our right minds, do hereby declare this document, which is our last written paper, to be our last will and testament.

We do hereby give and bequeath to—

Mr. Hughart and Mr. Skinkle, our beloved superintendent and principal, our gratitude for the many things they have done for us and every wish for their continued prosperity and happiness.

Mr. Edward Langley, of this city, for artistic drawings, the same.

To Miss Benney, our loving devotion for her ever ready assistance in times of discouragement.

To Miss McIntyre, a new edition of encyclopediae and dictionaries.

To Mrs. Brook, the lifelong friendship and loyalty of this class.

To Mr. Miller, a new stock of dry cells, a laboratory towel, and a bottle of walnut hair dye.

To Mr. Marine, a miniature tailor shop and a pair of curling tongs.

To Mr. Wedeking, our youngest teacher, a rattle.

To the Faculty, as is the yearly custom, the large red brick edifice for the betterment of the feeble-minded.

To Miss MacQuilkin, the eternal thanks and gratitude of this Senior class.

To the High School, a new chemistry laboratory.

To the Debating Society, Ninah Mann.

To the coming young orators, Charles Hahnkamp, who is well informed on "Woman's Suffrage."

To the Freshman class, all our worldly belongings herewith enumerated: Crayons, rulers, pens, pencils, compasses and note books to assist in Prof. Skinkle's and Miss McIntyre's classes. Also all bonbon boxes and peanut shells, clean laboratory towels and fresh air in the Assembly Hall.

To the Sophomores, the right to be Juniors, if they can.

To the Juniors, the right to be tardy and the privilege to go to the Public Library without filling out blanks, as we feel that they have attained the age of the staid and dignified Seniors.

To the prosperous sewing class, a new director in domestic arts.

To the High School Chorus, Agnes Winneguth, to sing in the "Bridal Chorus" and, last but not least, our successful prima donna, Bernice Krieger.

To anyone who may find cause for dispute, question, or controversy concerning any bequest or other matter in this document, such shall question Mable Fishburn and Reginald Felton, who will act for us.

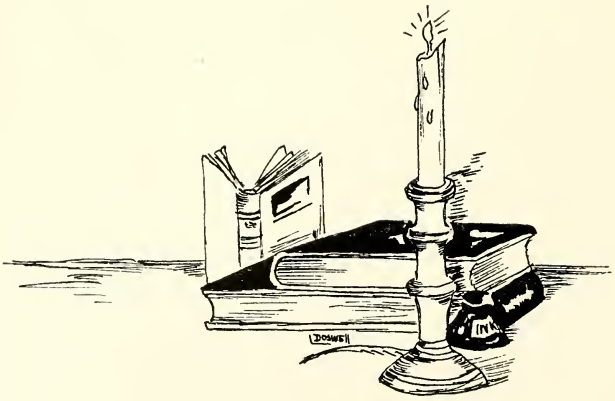
We do hereby appoint Mr. Wedeking and the Sophomores to be the executors of this our last will and testament.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, We have hereunto set our hand and seal to this, our will, signed this twenty-first day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and nine.

Signed, sealed, published and declared by the Senior class of 1909, and witnessed by us who have hereunto subscribed our names at their request.

REGINALD FELTON.
MABLE FISHBURN.

The Senior Class of
Nineteen Hundred and Nine.



Statistics of The Editorial Staff.

NAME	DISPOSITION	APPEARANCE	HOBBY	BESETTING SIN	REDEEMING VIRTUE	NICKNAMES	CONSEQUENCES
Wm. Johnston	*Vicious*	*Tall for a Child*	*Posing*	*Flirting*	*His Beauty*	*"Bill"*	*Junk Dealer*
Berniece Reynolds	*Winning*	*Look and See*	*Boys*	*Being Late*	*You can't prove it by us*	*"Flora"*	*Kindergarten Teacher*
Wallace Wilson	*Ask Helen*	*Short, but Enough*	*Helen*	*Writing Notes (to Helen)*	*Spooning*	*"Shorty"*	*Henpecked Husband*
Corinne Blount	*Don't Care*	*So-So*	*Scrapping*	*None Whatever*	*Big Words*	*"Connie"*	*Old Maid*
Simon Shinabarger	*Not dangerous*	*Stunning*	*Curling Iron*	*"I do not know"*	*His Appetite*	*"Deacon"*	*Matrimonial Agent*
Vera Sieb	*Noisy*	*How like a river? Largest at mouth*	*"Oh! Mexico"*	*Her Vocabulary*	*"Waverley"*	*"Hebe"*	*A Nun*
Claude Beach	*Shy*	*Tacky*	*Flames*	*His Hair*	*Prize Fighting*	*"Philo"*	*Vinegar Buyer*
Edith Marimon	*Hasn't Any*	*Not What She Thinks*	*Herself*	*Her Adventures*	*All that can be expected*	*"Edie"*	*Chief Dishwasher at Hotel LaFayette*
Lloyd Foster	*Lazy*	*Infantile*	*Hunting Daisies*	*Conceit*	*His Jokes*	*"Plug"*	*Indefinite*
Laura Nuppnau	*It'll Do*	*?*	*Cats*	*Ditching*	*Jabbering*	*"Laurene Edith Henrietta"*	*Prima Donna*

The High School Boy.

BLESSINGS on thee, little man,
High School boy, and foot-
ball fan!
With thy turned-up panta-
loons,
And thy careless rag-time tunes;
With thy red lips, rivaled by
Rainbow colors in thy tie;
With thy slouch hat's scanty brim
Tilted with athletic vim;
From my heart I give thee joy,—
I was once a High School boy!

Boss thou art—no other name
Can thy supremacy explain.
Of the rules thou'rt not afraid,
There's no game thou hast not played.
Thine the zeal for education,
Thine the joys of conversation.
Let the auto-owner ride!
With A. G. Spaulding for thy guide,
Thou hast more than he can buy.
If he doubt it, let him try.
Thou the champion; pomp and joy
Beckon to the High School boy!

O for boyhood's football play,
Sleep that wakes late in the day,
Food that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge learned outside of schools!
Ah! that thou couldst know thy joy,
Ere it passes, High School boy!
For, neglecting books and tasks,
High School girls are all he asks;
With their all-bewitching graces,
Ribbons, pompadours and laces.
Face to face with them he talks,
Hand in hand with them he walks,
Part and parcel of thy joy,—
Blessings for the High School boy!

O, for the annual banquet board,
With its wealth of dainties stored;
While for music comes the play
Of the High School Orchestra;
For the classes thou hast skipped,
For thy plans that have been nipped,
Live and laugh, my careless man,
Cheerily as seniors can!
Outward pranks and inward joy
Portion of the High School boy.
Though the sentences be hard,
Pitfalls strew the Latin words,
Adamant the teacher's breast.
Bluff it out or do thy best;
Give the inspiring High School yell,
Of thy track team victories tell.
The whole world's a complex toy
Fashioned for the High School boy.

—WM. JOHNSTON.

One Thousand Pages Boiled Down.

Chapter I.

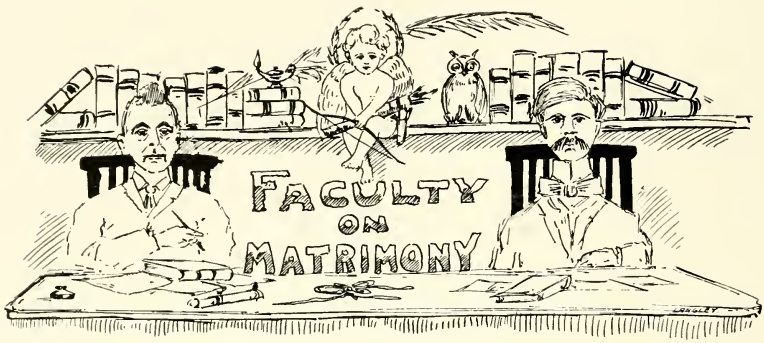
HEN they met a subtle something seemed to thrill them through and through.
Without thought or hesitation their two souls together flew.
Ah, too sweet that happy meeting on the bleak and windy moor!
She was promised to the villain and he, alas! was poor.
Yes, between him and the title, as the law of entail runs,
Stood a hale and hearty uncle and three very healthy sons.

Chapter II to XXX.

Every day upon the moorland met these lovers fond and true,
And they acted in a manner lunatics are said to do;
She was pale and worn with weeping; he wrote rhymes and tore his hair
And the villain formed a background for the antics of the pair.
Just about this time the hero is enlivened by the joy
Of meeting the adventuress he had married when a boy.
At the heroine's reproaches he bows his manly head,
While his lips are heard to mutter, "Alas! I thought her dead."
When the villain and adventuress meet, in a day or so,
They find that they were dear old chums, once in the long ago.
So the heroine grows pensive, and the hero, he grows lean,
And a week before the wedding brings no change upon the scene.
Then the uncle of the hero takes a sailing on his yacht,
His sons and all the other folks that figure in the plot,
And a sudden squall upsets them upon the ocean's wavy breast;
But you needn't think the lovers end by drowning like the rest,
For a floating log sustains them (how it came there, goodness knows)
And he holds his sweetheart in his arms and hangs on by his toes.

Chapter XXXI.

After being duly rescued they are haunted by the dread
That perhaps the others have escaped and are not dead.
But next day as they are walking on the seashore, do you know,
They find those six dead bodies laid neatly in a row.
So the hero gets the title and the heroine is free,
And they marry and are happy ever after, don't you see?



Mr. Skinkle—"Congeniality and mutual adaptability are indispensable prerequisites to conjugal felicity."

Mr. Wedeking—"A German fraulein and a well filled cupboard is all I care for."

Mr. Wallace—"She should be able to paddle the canoe for two."

Mr. Marine—"I wish I was a Mormon."

Miss MacQuilkin—"His lungs must be in good condition and he must have a brain above the ordinary size."

Miss McIntyre—"The most necessary qualification is that he be a good listener."

Miss Benney—"It seems to me that Caesar is nearer my ideal of a better-half than anyone I have ever seen since."

Miss Flint—"It is not known what her opinions are, but a short time ago she was looking for a "lou lou."

Miss McKinnis—"Rameses II or nobody."

True Patriotism.

E, THE Great and Glorious Sophomores, challenge you, the Wee and Weakly Freshmen, to a Basketball game, 'neath the lofty canopy of the Gymnasium hall."

The Freshman class looked at their president in dismay, after she read the above notice. There were murmurs of "sneaks," "cads," "unfair," from various parts of the room.

The president demanded order, then said, "Girls, we are all taken aback by this rather unkind challenge from the Sophomores; we all know how unable we are to meet this, but prepared, or not, there is simply one thing to do. That is, to accept the challenge and then just train for all we are worth. Whatever happens, the Juniors are our friends, and I believe we can make the Seniors admire our grit. We shall take a vote on it. All in favor of accepting this challenge say "aye."

All were in favor, save one girl who had been sitting silently in one corner. During the president's talk there had been an amused expression on her face. When the end had come, a bright gleam flashed in her dark eyes and she shrugged her shoulders and gave a short knowing laugh. She had taken no part in the voting, but the girls were too excited to notice it.

After they had decided to organize and practice, the following evening, the girl, whose name was Eleanor Harding, made her way to the room of the Sophomore president. She was a tall, strongly built girl; her masses of dark hair were done in a careless, yet becoming manner, with a long thick braid hanging down her back. She had been in the class that were Sophomores, and naturally her feelings were against the Freshmen and with the Sophomores.

She hurriedly rushed into the Sophomore president's room and after about half the class were assembled, she laughingly told them about the reception that the challenge had received. They laughed at the names they were called. "But, really, girls," Eleanor said, "those Freshies are mighty determined. They have a lot of grit and a couple of good players among them. Of course they can't possibly beat you with your play, but I believe they are going to concoct some little side plays. Of course I shall see most of the training and tell you all their weak points; or, better still, if they offer me a place on the team, I'll play real well until the eleventh inning, then—, then," she laughed exeitedly, "oh, girls! you'll wipe the floor with them."

The mighty rap and call "young ladies, lights out," came from the door, and Eleanor reluctantly went to her room, full of plans to help the Sophomores and worst the Freshmen.

The next day, Helen Devine, the president of the Freshman class, called a class meeting to organize a team. She picked the first four out with appar-

ent ease, only asking one or two to run across the hall, and expand their chests and to let her feel their arm muscles.

Then, as she glanced at the twenty-five girls remaining, a troubled expression passed over her pretty face. "Oh, if I were not humpbacked!" she thought. "I am strong enough otherwise. Who shall I have? We need a good strong player for center with as weak a forward as we have. I wonder who it shall be. Oh, how I would like to do it!"

Unconsciously, as she thought thus, she doubled up her arm, swelling the muscles, and heaved a sigh as she felt the strength that was there, and yet she knew that because of her back she could do nothing.

Eleanor saw the movement and a wave of pity passed over her as she realized of what Helen must be thinking. But then, as she remembered her promise to the Sophomores of the night before, she shrugged her shoulders and laughed.

Helen glanced in her direction and a smile crossed her face. "Oh, Miss Harding," she said, "you're just the girl we are looking for. We need a good strong player who knows all about the game to play center. Will you help us out?"

"Delighted!" said Eleanor. Her tone and manner almost betrayed her real feelings. Helen gave her a quick glance then said in a tone so low that no one but Eleanor could hear her, "of course you know, Miss Harding, that although you may really sympathize with the class of '09 you are one of us now, and we expect, if you join the team, that you will put your best effort to our cause."

Eleanor looked steadily at her for a moment. Was it possible, she asked herself, that this girl knew her motive in accepting? But the innocent, eager expression in Helen's eyes made her blush and say in spite of herself, "I'll do my best, Captain."

Helen held out her hand and smiled. "We are friends now, I hope," she said simply, "let us forget the little misunderstanding we had some time ago." Eleanor gripped her hand in a hearty squeeze and played that night as she had never played before. Every move she made she knew that Helen's eyes were upon her. They had an enormous score over their scrub team.

When the game was over, Helen rose and said, "Girls, if we keep up like this the Sophs will have to hurry to get ahead of us. But remember one thing, even if we get beaten badly, let all our play be good open play, no underhanded side tricks for the class of '10."

Afterwards, Helen went to find Eleanor, but she had evidently gone. As she passed through a corridor she heard Eleanor's voice saying, "Well, those little Fresnies aren't so bad, but you will beat 'em easy; there is no hope for them. Yes, I'll keep you posted on all their tricks."

Helen hurried to her room, bewildered and hurt. So this, then, was the kind of a girl Eleanor Harding was, a girl who would deliberately deceive. What could she do, she could not very well ask her to leave the team, the

other girls admired her skill in playing and she lacked positive proof of Eleanor's guilt, but oh dear, she must do something. The Freshies must whip those Sophomores. After awhile, she got to thinking quietly about it. There was only one thing to do. To go to Eleanor and make her see just how underhanded the actions she contemplated were, to appeal to her sense of honor about it, to tell her what she had heard and to beg her not to carry out her promise to the Sophomores. But it was too late to go that night, and so she planned to wait until another day.

Another day came. In German recitation, Helen wrote a note to Eleanor, asking her to eat lunch that noon with her and to take a little walk before afternoon recitations. Much to her surprise and disappointment, Eleanor declined, saying that she had already accepted an invitation from Jessie Randall, the Sophomore secretary, to go to the matinee, and she did not think that she would be home in time to play that evening.

This added greatly to Helen's alarm, but after awhile, the picture of Eleanor, as she had stood there with her hands in hers and had said, "I'll do my best, Captain," came to her. "A girl that could look as she did when she said that, can't be a traitor at heart," thought Helen. "I'll get a chance some time, to say something to her and I know she will tell me all about it. I'll have faith in her a little longer, at any rate."

At the matinee that afternoon, Eleanor had a most miserable time. It was hard for a girl with as large a heart and as much conscience as she had, to play such a double-faced game as she was playing. She thought what fun it would be to worst the Freshies,—she hated the Freshies, simply because she had failed and had been thrown back with them—and yet, she could not help feeling a pang when she thought of the way Helen had said, "We are friends now, I hope," and how she, Eleanor Harding, had shaken hands on it. She admired Helen Devine, in fact there was not a girl in the whole school who did not love her. Her unhappy deformity had only served to sweeten her temper and make her more lovable. It had always been one of Eleanor's highest ambitions to be one of Helen's set. Now, if Helen should find out what she was doing, there would be no hope of her ever attaining that place.

She could not go back to the Sophomores, and yet what a sneak she was! She had better make a clean breast of it, to either side at least and then have nothing more to do with it, whatever.

When they had left the theatre, Eleanor hurried her friend home, and then ran quickly down to the gymnasium. Through the half opened door of the dressing room she heard the voice of one of the girls saying, "If I were you, Helen, I'd fire Eleanor Harding from the team. I have reason to suspect that she is coaching the Sophs on our weak spots. You know she went to the matinee with Jessie Randall. If I am talking sense, and I think I am, we will have to hustle some, to get ahead of those Sophs, when they have Eleanor Harding helping them to victory."

A hot flush overspread Eleanor's face, her heart beat like a trip hammer, then the words of Helen Devine came to her through the door. "Girls," said Helen, "I may be wrong, but with all my heart I trust her."

Eleanor leaned against the wall, buried her face in her arms and sobbed. "Oh what a cad I am, with all her heart she trusts me! What shall I do?" Then in her heart she prayed that she might do what was right, and that if she must tell Helen that Helen must understand. "I will tell her all," she whispered to herself, "she will understand."

Eleanor followed Helen home that night. At the door of her room Helen stopped, for she heard a voice calling, "Miss Devine." Eleanor approached her and putting her arms around her neck she burst into tears. Helen led her quietly into the room and they sat on the bed, while Eleanor, half laughingly, half sobbingly, told her all. Helen kissed her when she was through and said, "It's all right, little girl, I understand." Then as she said good night at the door, Eleanor said, "Let's drop this 'Miss' business; I am just plain Eleanor now."

As each day passed the Freshies grew stronger and more confident in their work. Every day Eleanor took some news to the Sophomores, but it was news which they might easily have gained, or else was nothing at all.

The eventful day came. The sun rose that morning the same as it always did; lessons went on the same as usual, but at half-past-seven p. m. sharp, at the blow of the whistle, the two teams, one over-confident, the other a little bit depressed, but determined, entered the field.

As Eleanor passed Helen she said, "I'll do my best, Captain." Helen smiled and gave her hand a little squeeze. Both thought of the first time Eleanor had said that.

The whistle blew again and they were in their places. The Sophomores were taken aback when they saw Eleanor playing as center. She had not told them that she was on the Freshman team. They thought that she had simply been playing on the "scrub" team. At first they were highly indignant, but when they thought it over calmly, they realized that they had little to be angry for after all.

The ball went up, the game began. The ball was hit by Eleanor, but caught by an '09 man and thrown to their goal. She caught it, but missed her throw. Eleanor, who was everywhere at once, and led the '09 center an awful race, caught it. Some excellent passing was done. The ball finally reached the '09 goal; she threw but missed her basket; Eleanor caught it and threw it to her, again she missed and again Eleanor caught it, and, as she threw it, a clear voice from the balcony, which even among that vast assemblage of Seniors, Juniors, Faculty, etc., could be recognized as Helen called out, "Third time's the charm!" The goal threw and the ball went through the basket, at which the cheers which burst from the mouths of the excited Freshmen was enough to wake the dead.

But the game was far from won. The next goal that was made was on the Sophomore side, and the one following that, and at the end of the first half, the score was 4 to 2 in favor of the Sophomores.

But it had been a hard fought battle, and although pretty tired the Freshmen put on a face even more determined than before. Helen came down and spoke to Eleanor. "You're all right, girlie," she said, "we'll make those Sophs sorry that they were ever born."

Eleanor laughed, but said, "You know Helen, the Soph Center, Tess Jordan is going to play in this half. I am not afraid of her, but I wish we had a better forward. There is little hope for us, I fear, however, for the third time (the referee's whistle was blowing) I say it again, I'll do my best, Captain."

Again the ball was thrown up. Eleanor had a battle to fight. The girl she was playing against was a star, but Eleanor did not let that daunt her. She knew that her only hope was in staying right with Tess. A foul was made by the Freshmen, at which the Sophomores, unguarded, threw a goal. They missed! This gave the Freshmen more courage.

The ball was caught by Eleanor, she threw it to the forward who missed it, but as it rolled on the floor Eleanor was after it. She was now near the goal. It would be a different throw, but she determined to try. Tess was guarding away for dear life, but with a swing of her body, Eleanor freed herself and straight over the heads of the others, bounded the ball into the basket. After the cheers had died down, the same clear voice from the balcony called out "Rah, rah, rah, rah, rah, rah, rah, rah, Eleanor!" She looked up gratefully and quickly got into position again.

In the excitement, one of the '09 girls deliberately walked with the ball. That, of course, was a foul. The '10 center, Eleanor, threw for the basket, the ball went through. Then the referee called time, score 5 to 4 in favor of the Freshmen. Eleanor had saved the day.

That evening, after being carried away on the shoulders of the victorious and jubilant Freshmen, Eleanor and Helen stood alone together out in the moonlight. They spoke no word, but there was a strange, sweet understanding between them. A voice from somewhere back in the world called "Girls, you must come now." They both noticed that it was "girls," not "young ladies" that she said, and oh! how good and homelike it sounded to both of them.

As Eleanor left Helen at her door, she extended her hand and said with a smile, "I did my best, Captain."

Arabella's Valentine.

EMMELINE Janet sat a dejected heap of checked brown gingham behind the stove. Her hair which that morning had, as usual, been braided into two sleek red braids, now presented detached short tresses which Emmeline Janet sorted deliberately into tiny strands and proceeded to pull out by the roots, winding the ends about a chubby brown forefinger and giving a sudden little vicious jerk. In moments of deepest feeling this was the only means of giving vent to her distress. In the present instance a great pile of auburn hair lay heaped in her lap as evidence of the storm raging within her. She was going over carefully the accumulation of grievances that had led up to the present tumult. Her hair had always been red, her nose had always been pug, and a milky way of freckles had always straggled across this last named member; but there had not always been an Arabella Tompkins. Up to the end of last term Emmeline Janet had held undisputed sway as leader, and the little figure in the brown checked apron was an object of reverence. But with the advent of Arabella Tompkins all had changed. With amazing rapidity the brown checked apron became an object of ridicule and Emmeline Janet's freckles, red hair and pug nose leaped into sudden unfavorable prominence in contrast to Arabella's pink and white complexion, long flaxen curls and straight unfreckled nose.

At first the brows of Emmeline Janet's followers had darkened ominously at the jeers of Arabella as these were directed against their leader. But beauty of face and dress at length began to tell in her favor and it was not long before, one by one, Emmeline Janet's followers deserted her, to enlist under the banner of her rival, and the former leader stood alone with only Jimmy. Then he, too, went over to the side of Arabella; and it was because of Jimmy's defection that Emmeline Janet was pulling out her hair.

Jimmy was talking now. By leaning a little to the left Emmeline Janet could see Arabella sitting in a front seat, her daintily shod feet stretched out to their limit, her clasped hands at the back of her head. Her blue eyes were turned coquettishly upward toward Jimmy's own blonde countenance.

"So you think that would be 'bout right, do you? You're sure you—you'd like it?—I've got forty-seven cents saved up, an' Tommy Blake'll give me three for helpin' him carry papers in the mornin'. I've got to get up at four o'clock, but I don't mind that a bit. I'd get up at three for the sake o' them three cents. It costs the most of all of 'em in Folsam's, and I want to give—somebody—a peach of a valentine."

And Jimmy blushed to the tips of his ears. Arabella smiled and dropped

her eyes. Emmeline Janet, behind the stove, felt a lump rise in her throat as she thought of that valentine, all cupids and lace and lovely bleeding hearts, which was to gladden the heart of Arabella Tompkins.

"Course," Jimmy stammered, "don't tell anybody about it. I wouldn't have give it away only I wasn't real sure how pretty it was and I just ask you because—oh!—because you're so pretty yerself—kinda like one o' them cupids—and I thought you'd know—at least, if you liked it."

"Yes, it's beautiful," Arabella murmured softly, "pretty, 'nough for anybody."

Jimmy's brow puckered anxiously.

"Say, I don't want it—for anybody. Is it pretty 'nough for—for—the very bulliest girl in the world?"

"Oh, yes," Arabella blushed, "quite."

* * *

On Valentine Day Emmeline Janet took her solitary way to school past Folsam's to see if by any chance the lovely Valentine was still there. She felt a lingering hope that Jimmy might have overslept and lost the three cents necessary to complete the fifty. Then Arabella wouldn't get the valentine and Emmeline Janet would be nearly happy. She paused a minute before Folsam's window and shut her eyes tight. Then she screwed her courage to the sticking place and looked. It was gone. While she stood there, the tears of jealousy and disappointment almost blinding her, the door opened and someone darted past her down the road. It was Jimmy, and in his arms he held a white pasteboard box.

With a heavy heart Emmeline Janet turned and plodded on to school. Instinctively her hand found its way to a strand of hair above her ear and began slowly to separate it from the sleek, tight braid. As she left the cloak room Jimmy bounced into his seat and hid his head in his geography. He had just put the valentine in Arabella's desk, she thought hotly, as she slipped into her seat, and no wonder he hid his face. Lightly she wound the strand of hair about her finger, but the jerk was checked midway; for there in her desk lay a white pasteboard box. She lifted the lid just enough to peep inside and see—**The** Valentine; Arabella's valentine; the one with cupids and lace and bleeding hearts; the only one for fifty cents at Folsam's. She took off the lid and turned the valentine over. There, on the back, in Jimmy's sprawling hand, was written:

"The prettiest girl in school said this was good enough for the bulliest girl in the world. And that's you."

A radiant smile overspread the face of Emmeline Janet as she turned toward the geography, around the corner of which peeped one blue eye that retreated instantly behind the big book. Very deliberately Emmeline Janet took the strand of red hair dangling over her ear and tucked it away securely under her side-comb.

Benched.

PAUSE—oh ye sedate Senior in your pursuit of learning, and ye, joyous Junior, in your racing riots of pleasure—and visit with me the realms of the Past. Out of the dim, dusky corners of your memory can you distinguish the ghost of the Day when you were first "Benched?" If so, there lies not interest nor novelty upon this page and I advise you to peruse some other page, but if the memory of that day has faded let a recent sufferer tell you how it felt.

Let us say, for the sake of argument, that it happened like this:

Somehow, you had passed out of your Freshman Days unbenched. For in those infantile days you were wont to keep your eyes from wandering, your lips from whispering and your sense of humor safely snuggled in the background. In Freshman Days, you walked sedately through the halls, you kept your voice lowered and looked with wonder, akin to awe, upon the giddy Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors who race and prance and shout through the halls.

But when you had learned to conjugate amo in the subjunctive, and to add, subtract, multiply, divide, "involute and evolute" X and Y—ah, then you became a Sophomore. Now a Sophomore is a mighty big Personage in the opinions of all the—Sophomores, and so you decided that High School wasn't such a dry dig after all. You learned, or thought you did, that it was perfectly possible to talk and giggle in a session room, if you did these things discreetly when the teacher's eyes were elsewhere.

Yea, you had passed through a couple of months in this happy state of being before THE DAY came! Ah—'Twas this way. You were sitting in an attitude of study when the most delicious joke popped itself into your head. What on earth is the use of a joke without it's being shared? Is the music sufficient unto its composer—no, he must have the applause of an audience. Is a novel sufficient unto its writer—he must know that others read his words. How much less, then, is a joke sufficient unto a joker. So right there lay the trouble—you told that joke! Presto! There were two grinning faces instead of one—two bodies quivering with unrestrained mirth when suddenly the raps, raps of a ruler coming sharply in contact with a desk came down to you. And the stern voice of the Power-Behind-the-Desk came hurling through the atmosphere to where you trembling sat and you were bidden to take the front seat. You—you were Benched! Awful, oh awful Day!

Yet placidly you sat there awaiting the ringing of the bell. It seemed not such a dreadful punishment. True, you were ruthlessly deprived of a few

minutes' study, but you could almost translate your Caesar. But wait! the bell rang, you were summoned to your seat. The whole ridiculousness of the situation that you—a grown up Sophomore—had been punished in a way very similar to the standing in the corner of a baby—thrust itself upon you. You smiled. Nay—grinned at the foolishness of the Institution of Benching. When lo! the Powerful one wheeled about and fixed his bespectacled eyes upon you, and er—a—er—somehow you found yourself again reposing on the Bench. The second bell rang; your class filed out; there amidst a vast assemblage of Juniors and Seniors you sat, one, poor, small (?) half-frightened Sophomore.

Then you heard your name called and were given the command to walk out of the room without giggling. Torture of Tortures! Two hundred and fifty amused gazes were upon you, five hundred ears were strained to catch the giggle, and an equal number of lips were smiling at you, some maliciously, some sympathetically, but all amusedly, as you solemnly left the room, your eyes nailed to the floor, your mouth screwed to hold back the grin that would come. Then just as the door was safely passed there was an explosion as the long suppressed giggle was emitted and you were free—for a minute.

But there was an afternoon forthcoming. You hadn't reckoned on that, but it came and with it summons to Room—but that would be telling! However, as you passed the sea of smiling faces and confronted your torturer, a little spark of revenge planted itself in your heart. And as you took the directed seat you thought to yourself, "Never mind, just you wait, I'll get even!"

The teacher in whose charge you were left was pretty and your flagging spirits were raised as you thought, "P'raps I'll be comfortable this hour anyway." Accordingly you placed your arm upon the desk back of you and rested your already tired head upon it. "Rap—Rap—Rap" and turning around you obeyed the motions which unmistakably meant, "turn around." And this from the "pretty teacher!" "Handsome is as handsome does," you thought grimly, and sat in a straight, stiff, miserably uncomfortable position waiting, longingly for the bell and a change of teachers.

The minutes dragged on! Interminably long, empty minutes! You conjugated all the verbs which you could (which weren't very many), you named the members of the Olympic Council, and tried to figure out if Bryan would run for President in 1912—all this was tiresome and no fun. Over and over again you counted the little decorations of wood on the closet door. There were sixty-five of them, if you counted left to right, but from right to left, try as you would, the number would always be sixty-six. Oh, pshaw! Oh, for something to think about, oh, for an exciting day dream! Your eyes wandered over the window. Bare limbs of trees, and smoking chimneys greeted your eyes, nothing more.

"This is the limit," you thought. "Nothing to read, nothing to think, nothing to do. Just sit here." You would even have preferred reciting your

special antypathy—Algebra—than to sit, just sit still, idle. "Even studying," you thought, "is better than this."

You counted the number of cracks on the floor from the black-board to your seat, and tried to speculate as to how many there were in the room. But your scant knowledge of Mathematics didn't hold out far enough to enable you to figure all that out. Oh, how tired you were! At last you understood why Benching is considered such a dire punishment. Apart from the mortification, and the publicity of it, your bones ache, oh, how tired you get.

At last the bell rang. Well, anyway, one period was over, and there would be a change of teachers. P'raps the next one would let you be comfortable at least. The faintest glimmer of hope dawned in your heart.

With a cheering smile the next teacher came in Oh, kindest of Ladies, she turned her back on you the whole period. Happy? Comfortable? Well, I guess! At least as much so as a hard, hard seat could make you. "At last," you thought, "joy, I'll be comfortable this period at least. Ha, ha! What care I because I'm Benched, look at the Caesar recitation I'm missing!" (That was before you had learned of the O in recitations that goes along with the other pleasures of Being Benched.)

The second hour went better. You were comfortable! So comfortable, in fact, that you speculated on buying the teacher some flowers out of sheer gratitude. Then, as you remembered the condition of your pocket-book, you rather abruptly changed your mind. Things began to get hazy, and somehow, before you realized your condition, you were reposing in a hammock with a box of Aurentz's in handy reaching distance. You were swinging, higher—higher until you fell. "Ouch," you muttered, as your head bumped upon the desk. Mercy! You had gone asleep, but hush, no one must ever know.

So, primly you sat, stiff and straight as a ramrod and awaited the ringing of the bell. After a century or so it sounded, and you found yourself being ordered to the front seat in your own session room. You were ragingly furious by now! Revenge? Your soul cried out for it. Just let them dare inflict another punishment upon you. You would—well, it would be something awful that you would do to them. Your imagination couldn't conjure up anything bad enough just yet.

All the last period you planned your tactics, how you would coolly march up to the desk of your unfeeling tormentor, straight and proud, and renounce him in cold, hard tones before the whole lot of admiring Seniors. Even now you could see their eyes light with surprise and envy at your daring bravery. Even now you could feel the clasp of their hands as they hailed you the Champion of the cause of the Much-Benched. Ah, glorious would be that moment!

Ha! what bliss it would be to show the cruel Tyrant that he, not he, could so maltreat you without paying the price. You would scoff at him if he dared stop you, jeer at him if he tried again to domineer his power over you. Bravely

marching up to his throne you would slay him with the cutting sharpness of your tongue. Little would there be left of him after your cruel words. Oh, poor fellow! So you planned it.

But didn't it really happen like this:

The bell rang and again you faced your persecutor, again he directed you to your seat, which you obediently, nay humbly took. Meekly you folded your hands and awaited his pleasure.

Down the aisle he came, you nerved yourself to rise to meet him, your denunciation on your lips—but er—well, you didn't get up, somehow. Then he spoke, "Have you had all the fun you want?" he demanded. You waited, started to speak, but your tongue would not move to the words so carefully planned. Your pride, your ambition, your desire for revenge? Where were they? For, instead of denouncing, jeering, scoffing, in the meekest, humblest of tones you responded, "Yes, sir."

Alumni Notes.

N THE course of a year's time many things have happened to change our Alumni Record. A number of the former graduates have been married—Miss Jennie Dille to Mr. Barrett; Miss Maude Longshore to Mr. William Wareham; Mr. Fred Crumpacker to Miss Mary Windle, another graduate; Mr. George McNay to Miss Inez Gray; Miss Mabel Smith to Mr. A. R. Palmer; Miss Abbie Duggan to Mr. Ernest Lay; Miss Grace Warehus to Mr. Chauncey DeHarding, and Miss Mabelle Lippman to Mr. Paul Nuppnau, Jr.

In the last year we have lost two of our graduates by death—Lucy LaForce and Mabel Sturgeon.

A great number of the younger of the V. H. S. Alumni are attending college at Michigan, Purdue, Park College, Mo., Lake Forest, Ill., Valparaiso, and various other institutions.

It is interesting to know that the mothers of three members of the class of '09 were graduates of the V. H. S.—Mrs. Maud McKeehan Johnston, Mrs. Lizzie Babcock Foster and Mrs. Lillian Parks Huntington.

We are especially interested in the graduates of last year, the class of '08, because they were fellow students. Dema Timmons is attending the University of Valparaiso. Dolly Hershman is teaching in Indiana. Elizabeth Vanouse is teaching in Oregon. Mabel LaForce teaches in Valparaiso Public Schools. Marguerite Tofte resides in Valparaiso. Harry Doyle claims Chicago as his place of residence. Mary Turner studies music. Isa Trough teaches in South Dakota. Mabel Lippman married Paul Nuppnau, Jr. Neil Funk attends the University of Valparaiso. Ellen Anderson's address is Valpo. Blanche Fifield and Glen Kinne are teaching school. Rae Hippensteel's home is in Valpo. Clarence Schnieder works in a real estate office in Valpo. Edna Doyle lives in her home near the "Vale of Paradise." Tom Davis works in Chicago, Ill. Gracia Green resides in Valpo. Fern Miller lives in Pecos, Texas. Hazel McNay works with Lowenstine and Co. Ben Schenck is a surveyor. Bess Keys, Valparaiso, and Ralph Marimon, Chicago, Ill.

Every year the Alumni Association gives a banquet, and accordingly the thirty-fourth annual banquet took place last May. A reception was held in the School Hall before going to the gymnasium, which was used as the banquet room. A host of good things were served by the junior girls under the direction of Miss Benney. The toast mistress of the evening was Mrs. Van Ness. Many excellent toasts were given in the course of the evening. Miss Mary Turner represented the class of '08 and Mr. J. B. Brooke, Dr. G. H. Stoner and Prof. B. F. Williams were among the guests who responded.

—VERA SIEB.

The Trip to the Land of Senior.

MANY were the cries of joy when we jumped into the flying Junior Ship, leaving behind us, in the hands of the unsuspecting Freshies, the Demon of Sophomore. I will not attempt to count those who escaped "by the skin of their teeth," for it would be a hopeless task. Suffice it to say then, that we were all aboard the pleasant Junior Ship, prepared for a quiet or a turbulent voyage, whichever it should bequeath to us.

We found our voyage very pleasant with the exception of a few shocks against the treacherous Rocks of Latin, which are scattered all along the Junior River. It was well known that Cicero left these treacherous rocks to harass his too eager followers. Some of the hasty crew remarked that Cicero ought to have died in his cradle, but a stern look from the Pilot, who was taken on especially for the Latin Rocks, caused their murmurings to drift into silence.

Now and then a whirlpool of Geometry shook the ship and threatened to swamp it and the crew, but by the skillful maneuverings of the Geometric Pilot, with the aid of the crew, the ship cleared the danger and drifted easily along. At times the Dragon of History, with glaring eyes and fiery breath bore down upon them, but she was easily repelled by the eager crew. English, the most powerful giant of the Universe, did not even attempt resistence to the good ship as it sailed fearfully along.

How long our voyage lasted we could not well tell for no one guessed how fast the time was fleeting, so engrossed were we in dancing and singing, to say nothing of the Basketball and Football games we had on board. Then, if ever, we are swept off our feet by enthusiasm, too great to be pushed aside by reason. Who can, if a lover of athletics, stick to the floor or halter the vocal organs? But since all those who become great must have been a fool in the eyes of some one, do not be ashamed of wholesome enthusiasm.

The Pilots of our vessel startled us one day as we were nearing the end of our voyage by telling us that, before entering the Kingdom of Seniors we would have to plan some enjoyment for the present inhabitants before they would give up their much beloved land to us. We called our crew together and elected a person who had as much renown in our crew as Roosevelt has in the nation. She took it in hand to make the poor, half-starved Seniorites happy for once at least. "We passed the hat" among the liberal crew, just as we were nearing the shores of our future home. We shall never forget the sight, as the poor famished Seniors made short work of the "Master-piece of Bridget," but it did our hearts good and we all entered our "PROMISED LAND" with hearty songs of joy.

—HISTORIAN.

History of the Sophomore Class.

In the early Autumn of 1907 as several of the members of the class of '09 were strolling toward their V. H. S. they beheld numerous objects coming from known and unknown parts which, upon close investigation, revealed themselves to be persons coming to form the class of 1911. A few months later in the beginning of the second term more joined their ranks.

The history of the class of '11 dawned in glory, for besides the scholars there were athletes and musicians among them. In its freshman year the class was represented in the V. H. S. football team, basketball team, baseball team, orchestra, and the chorus accompanist.

The second year was commenced with a few missing members and some new ones. The V. H. S. claimed no football team, but '11 was still represented in the basketball team. In the few remaining weeks of our Sophomore days the class will try to make its record as good as its past record and at the close of the term depart from its Sophomore days with no regret.

Much of the history of the class of '11 must remain unwritten in this brief article because we are not permitted to look into the future; for this reason we may only say that every effort will be made to form a Junior class that will surpass all other Junior classes of the V. H. S.

—HISTORIAN.

Freshies.

WILL tell you how we freshies,
Innocent and trembling came,
Through the halls we all did wander
Until marshalled in our seats,
Until Mr. Skinkle told us,
Told us in his voice sonorous,
Told us how to work for honor,
Told us how to get our Dutch and Latin
And told us with a voice serene
Not to try to run the teachers.
Well, we worked and worked and studied,
And we kept on getting better,
Kept improving all the time.
Now we are real valiant Freshies,
Used to Freshmen's many trials,
And we've laid aside our greenness,
Looking, waiting for the next years,
Waiting until we'll be Seniors
And possess a worldly knowledge
And as Seniors be victorious,
We'll then wave our banner skywards
As the Sophomores will we holler,
As the Juniors we'll be yelling,
And as the Seniors we will cry,
Rah! Rah! Rah! 1912!
V — I — C — T — O — R — Y .

The Oratorical Contest of 1909.

IT THUNDERED and lightened in door and out on the evening of March 26, 1909. With a true Shakespearean sense of harmony, external nature exerted herself to make a fitting background for that "most ominous occasion," the Sixth Annual Oratorical Contest. But in spite of the showers, the assembly room of the Central Building was filled with an enthusiastic audience.

The oratorical work has become so well established that it was considered advisable this year to make the participation entirely voluntary. The number of contestants in the first preliminary program, however, was not materially diminished by this arrangement. Twelve girls and three boys entered and delivered their orations before the High School Faculty. Six of the girls were chosen with the three boys to represent the school in the public contest. The names of the speakers and their subjects are as follows:

The Conservation of Our Forests.....Vera Sieb
China's Problem of Today.....Finette Bartholomew
The Master of His Life.....Berniece Reynolds
The Sin of the Prisons.....Dorothy Arvin
The Moral Awakening in Governmental Affairs.....Alice Cornell
Moral Standards.....Laura Nuppnau
Labor and Tariff.....Wallace Wilson
Employer and Employee.....William Johnston
Woman's Suffrage.....Charles Hahnkamp

When the orators are as evenly matched as these young people were it is a difficult matter to make the decision as to just which one is best. But excellence in composition as well as a quiet and impressive delivery gave the honors of entering the county contest to Dorothy Arvin and Wallace Wilson.

Valparaiso has been unusually successful in these yearly contests. In the

five years it has won four first places and two seconds, and its chorus has never failed to win. And this success has come not because of any remarkable individual talent, but because many have worked earnestly, and the winner each time has been compelled by the competition to do his work thoroughly and well.

It has never been chance that has won our victories, but plodding, hard work.

The Sin of the Prisons.

A RAGGED, forlorn looking little boy, whose father was an habitual drunkard and thief and whose mother was a skilful shop lifter, was brought before a juvenile court at the age of thirteen on the charge of attempt to steal. He was sentenced to a reformatory for three years, a sentence which was lengthened to five years on account of his misbehavior. While in the reformatory idleness and the association of accomplished, hardened criminals, encouraged all the hereditary evil of his nature. At nineteen he was again brought before the court, this time for safe-breaking. He was sentenced to a state prison for ten years and there, confinement, idleness, impure air and solitude completed his ruin. His life from that time was a court record.

Do you realize that this cycle of human life is occuring every day right in our very midst? Is it the fault of the courts? No. Their business is to interpret the law. Is it the fault of the reformatory or prison officials? No, not entirely. They are the tools of the people. It is the fault of the system and the system originates, where? With the people.

Consider the atrocious Georgia Peonage system—the abuses of which have been so lately investigated and reformed. That horrible practice had been in existence, until very recently, since the Civil War. Gangs of negroes and white men convicted of crime were leased out by contractors for so much a head to farmers and manufacturers. Neglected disease, unsanitary conditions, harsh treatment and heavy labor soon converted the man into a beast, and not only did men suffer this awful fate but even very young boys.

We are told of a delicate, unhealthy, fourteen year old child being brutally whipped by a guard. The boy died of tuberculosis a few days later, at least the overseer's report was to that effect.

Georgia's convict lease system is an unfair example it is true, but there are many evils existing in the prisons all over our land. Unhealthy cells, excess of labor, idleness of mind and body, uneducated, brutal guards, the

wide range in the age of prisoners confined together, women having male attendants, and many other misuses are degrading society.

Criminal anthropology is a comparatively modern study which has been developed to quite an extent in Italy and America. One of the most earnest American students of this subject is Mr. Z. R. Brockway, who, after years of study and observation, has founded an ideal reformatory. It is the Elmira Reformatory in the state of New York. The institution is beautifully situated among the hills and commands an excellent view. The great idea and purpose of the Elmira system is to give the prisoner a desire for better things, to develop his spiritual as well as his physical nature to the utmost, in other words to set him on his feet and send him back to society a clean, honest citizen, capable of earning a good income, a help instead of a menace to his fellow-men.

The reformatory receives prisoners whose age limits are sixteen and thirty. When a prisoner enters Elmira, the general superintendent, who is Mr. Brockway himself, talks privately and confidentially with him and endeavors to learn all he can about the subject's former life; his parents, his home and his education. The superintendent is thus able to determine the prisoner's greatest needs and he is treated accordingly.

The most important factors of reform of the institution are education, conduct and work.

If society thinks to compel a man to sit in solitude and confinement for fifteen or sixteen hours a day without occupation of mind or body, is going to reform him, we can only lament its stupidity.

Part of the day at Elmira is devoted to study and recitation. All of the common branches are taught and even the most advanced subjects are touched upon. In place of having a clergyman interview the prisoner in his cell once or twice a week this ideal reformatory provides for a class in practical ethics in which the prisoners are free to express themselves and to ask questions. This class takes for its chief topic of discussion, "Right Living." How much better is this system of building up the main moral character than is employed in most of our prisons. It is absurd to allow a man to continue dully in a prison routine until a fixed day arrives and opens the prison door. By the Elmira mark system the prisoner gains his freedom absolutely on his own merit. It may be before the day fixed by law, but it can not exceed the state's sentence. Thus there is a constant stimulus to good behavior, industry and study on the part of the prisoner.

Labor constitutes an important factor in the Elmira routine. There is a distinction made between productive labor and instructive labor. One is the actual utilization of the physical strength of the prisoner and the other is the teaching of trades. It was found that 75 per cent of the individuals sentenced to Elmira knew no trade and consequently practically all of the common trades are taught in a scientific manner. The manufacturing of hard-

ware, brushes, brooms, tinware, and many other useful articles is carried on. The institution could easily be self-supporting if it were not for legislation in the state of New York which restricts prison labor.

The subject of prison reform should appeal to all honest men from the standpoint of patriotism as well as from the standpoint of humanity. Society owes this much to herself that she reform her criminals in the broadest sense of the word before she receives them to herself again. And from a standpoint of humanity we ought all to consider the fact that most of the unfortunate class of beings called criminals have not had the encouragement for right that we have had. Bad heredity and unfavorable environment have often overcome a man's better impulses in spite of all his striving to do right. Let us make an honest effort to help these brothers of ours, who have strayed from the path of rectitude, because it is a duty we owe to them, to the country and to our God.

—DOROTHY ARVIN.

Labor and the Tariff.

TARIFF, either for revenue or protection, has been a tradition in the history of this country. In the early life of our nation the tariff existed in the form of toll. The law gave individuals who maintained the public highways the right to levy a certain tax upon all those who passed along the road. The farmer driving along this public highway toward the city with his products was required to pay toll, and when he sold his goods the toll was added to the original value of the commodity and of course the price was increased. The consumer, in buying what he needed, in the end, paid the toll or tariff. But why did not the consumer object to paying it? Why did he not then say as he does today, that it was unnecessary and unjust taxation; that it was too cumbersome and a burden to all the people. He paid it cheerfully because in the long run he was the one who profited by the expenditure. He paid it willingly because he received the benefit.

Very early in her history the United States entered into commercial relations with England. But at first ocean traffic was carried on only on a small scale, and very little was shipped to what is now sent abroad. The United States needed England's manufactured products, but they were not admitted into our country then because of the great natural obstruction existing in the form of the Atlantic ocean.

But someone overcame this difficulty and great ocean liners were soon cutting that vast expanse of water. England's manufactured goods were then brought into our country, but the people of this nation were not at that time forced to pay a tariff. Why? Because they needed England's manufactured products and because the United States had no manufacturing interests which needed protection.

However, one marked characteristic of the American citizen is that he is never satisfied. He always wants more and as the result of this characteristic, the American soon began to manufacture his own goods. Being at first a poor nation, this era of manufacturing was not a very successful one. Something was lacking. Our manufacturers needed something to make England's goods as high in price as theirs in order to sell their own goods and shut out such of England's goods as they could manufacture. England could transport her goods to the United States and still sell them cheaper than our manufacturers could produce them. Eventually a tariff was imposed for the protection of the domestic interests and as a result of this tariff the American consumer could buy American manufactured goods as cheap as those manufactured in

England and the American manufacturer had the advantage necessary to establish his business. Another great accomplishment in the history of American prosperity. It seems that in the growth of this nation she received just what was needed to help her along. The tariff at that time was one of the best things that could happen to this country. It was a protection and just what our manufacturers needed.

But there came a change as in the life of an individual. When one is successful in a certain work then is when he must be most careful and watchful. Our industries grew and the tariff for a time was the promoter, but after a while some hidden force began to undermine the nation. The moral standard of the nation was being lowered. While greedy for gold the government failed to notice the rapid progress of this evil. The tariff, like an evil habit, was fast taking the shape of a dark over-hanging cloud, and now our government has come to the realization of the fact that one of the most serious problems that ever confronted the American commonwealth is now facing it.

In my opinion the tariff has served its purpose. It has done its duty. It has put our manufacturing interests on such a footing that they are unsurpassed by any in the world. America has become the richest and most powerful nation in the world and the protective tariff has played an excellent part in bringing about this enormous growth in wealth and prosperity.

But Andrew Carnegie says that the great industrial corporations of the United States can compete with and defeat any manufacturing interest in the world, both in price and quality of the goods produced, without a protective tariff. Steel manufactured in the United States has been sold for the past year in Great Britain for $20 per ton and here in the United States we must pay $25 per ton. And this is only one case in hundreds. Think of it! American citizens selling to an Englishman what they deny an American, of their own flesh and blood, for the same price. And our government has permitted this state of affairs to exist. Such are the conditions in our own country today.

The cost of production in the United States is not what makes the price of the manufactured product so high. The United States can produce goods just as cheaply as any other country. The tariff is the cause of all the trouble. This tax which is imposed upon foreign goods when they enter our ports increases the price 50 per cent and often times more than that. From that viewpoint alone the tariff is a help to this country, but in the protection of our interests it increases the price of American manufactured goods to almost the same extent. When a product is finished and ready for the market the American manufacturer says, "I make a fairly good profit on my products, but there is no reason why I can not make more. The tariff by increasing the price of foreign goods keeps the foreigners from selling their goods as cheap as mine so I'll raise my price just enough so that my goods can be sold a trifle cheaper than foreign made goods." These are the conditions fostered by

the tariff. This state of affairs makes the finished product so high that the common necessaries of life are beyond the laborer's reach.

Some think the laborer needs an increase in wages. Some think that strikes are unnecessary. The laborer does not need a direct increase in wages. When some method of making the American manufacturer sell his goods as cheaply as possible is brought about, then, and then only, will the laborer receive an increase in wages. And yet it will not be an increase in wages. It will simply place the common necessaries of life within the laborer's reach and give a chance to put something away to make home what it should be.

The eyes of the civilized world are slowly being opened and the results of this awakening are turning in favor of the laborer.

Why must this burden, and it surely may be called a burden, be thrown with all its weight upon the poor when our flag, our nation and everything connected with them stand for freedom in the broadest sense of the word? Why must the burden be thrown unequally upon the different classes of the community, especially when those least able are forced to carry it?

The laborer frequently strikes because he wants an increase in wages and shorter working hours. But I hope I have shown you that he does not need a direct increase in wages nor is it necessary that his hours of work be shortened. He asks only that he be allowed to spend his hard earned dollars in a free market where he may select what he chooses at the lowest price at which the goods can be produced and that the increase in price fostered by the tariff be completely reduced, thus bringing within his reach a higher standard of living and making the closing days of his life full of happiness instead of suffering.

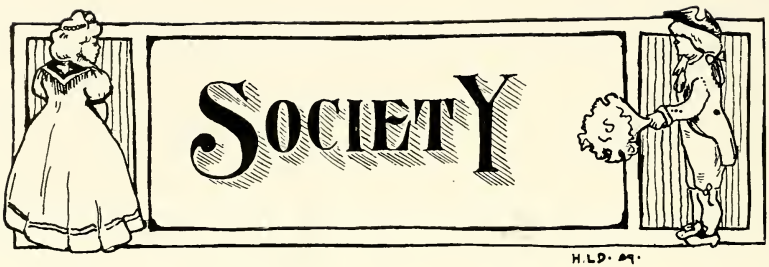
—WALLACE WILSON.

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast."

When Miss Flint entered the V. H. S. two years ago as musical directress and began the organization of the High School Chorus it was a new department, but under her able management it has grown to be one of the best known and most popular organizations of the High School. With its high-grade music and well-trained voices the Chorus meets an enthusiastic reception at every appearance.

In the County contest of 1908 our chorus won first honors. Again, on April 17, 1909, in the annual county contest, with the excellent choruses from Wheeler, Hebron, Kouts, and Chesterton, our chorus was victorious.

The school is proud of these achievements and the interest in the musical department increases each year.



SOCIETY NOTES.

AT THE beginning of the school year the class of '09 decided to be a success socially as well as intellectually and financially. Subsequently a meeting was held, class dues were collected and the gymnasium was selected as the place for the next meeting.

The meetings in the gymnasium came to an abrupt close on the evening of October 11th, when we assembled and started the "Virginia Reel," while Rose played "The Girl I Left Behind Me." But even that evening was not entirely lost for we called on Lottie, whom we found with a "Payne." Zella played "Meditation" for her and Vera gave a few consoling remarks. We always feel amply repaid whenever we call upon those in trouble.

The most exciting meeting was the hay-rack party at Grace Dillingham's for it was here that we learned that Simon was only adapted to three meals a day. William was unable to attend on account of an appointment, a few hours previous, with an automobile. We still wonder if it was the same car that pursued us all evening. Some may think at a hay-rack party a class like ours would be in quite a predicament, with five boys and about twenty-five girls. We have it all arranged, however, and none of the five find it in the least difficult to manage at least half a dozen. 'Tis said that this was the crowning social event of the year.

In the few remaining weeks of our High School life we have several parties, banquets, and a Senior dance planned, aside from the regular routine of Commencement week.

In addition to the Senior class parties and meetings there have been other functions in High School this year. Especially is this true since the Basketball team won its championship, for since that time scarcely a week has passed

that someone has not banqueted them or given something in their honor. Recently they were entertained by Prof. Wedeking, by Melvin Stinchfield, by Joe Gardner and by Reginald Felton.

Miss Dorothy Arvin entertained the Oratorical contestants at her home on East Jefferson Street, April 3rd. The orations were again discussed and the good will of the contestants was shown.

On February 13th Leland Benton was host to a large number of his High School friends at a Valentine party. The house was tastefully decorated for the occasion and the heart-shaped symbols ran throughout the menu.

Miss Ruth Evans gave a 6:30 dinner April 13th to the "Yolos" and some of their friends.

Wallace Wilson entertained several of the Seniors at an Easter party, which, on account of inclement weather, was deferred two weeks. It was held at the Reynolds farm near Malden.

Distinct from these "doings" there are still a few clubs in High School that deserve special mention: among them, the D. C. B., the Yolos, and the T. M. P. are fast walking to the Hill of Fame while the W. A. B., the Chiriguanas and the R. D. O. will always be at least remembered as the most lasting clubs that V. H. S. ever had.

VALPO'S GREAT SOCIAL EVENT.

HE following invitation was received by the Valpo Basketball Team:

"Mr. Wedeking requests the pleasure of the Champion Basketball Team at his home on Saturday night, Mareh 13th, at 7:30 o'elock."

This created a great flurry among the renowned heroes of the team, and the leading question of the day was, "What shall I wear?"

Sufficient it is to say that the hour brought a full response of as handsome looking a line of boys as ean be found in the State of Indiana.

They were received by the host with a brand new **empire** smile cut on the bias.

The first to enter was Pinkey Gardner, neatly gowned in folds of contentment, which were very beeoming.

The second was Mother Wolfe, a striking figure, very superb, and beautified by many **puffs** of pride over the recent victory; a very grandiloquent figure of this great social event.

The third, Dude Wilson, eame marching in with a directoire expression of sadness because of his last game, and that his Basketball days were over.

For the fourth, Josh Stinehfield appeared with his **psyche** knot just over his furrowed brow, which gave him a Greeian-like appearance that belonged to 25 B. C.

Next appeared Snaky Ritter, with a **demi-train** of happy thoughts, which did not detract from his towering height.

Cal Berry wore a pretty self-satisfied expression which was as becoming as the Queen Elizabeth **ruche** found at his neck.

Next eame Deaner, who wore **points** of the year's score gathered in at the neck. This was set off by a pretty hem-stitched smile with eaton (eaten) effect.

Last eame the belle of the evening, Rexie, dressed in many flounces of excitement over whieh was placed in many patterns the great vietories won.

As an entertainment for the evening, problems were solved, e. g.:

In the game with East Chicago Pinky made one-fourth as many points as Cal, one-fifth as many as Stineh, twice as many as Mother, seven less than Cuttee and one less than Snaky. Two points were awarded, making a total of thirty-five. How many were made by each player?

Next they were called to the dining room, where Mr. Wedeking announced he would serve his luneh prepared by his own small hands. But, alas! just as the warriors sat down a terrific erash eame from the kitchen, sounding as if it were the downfall of Turkey, over-flow of Greeee, breaking up of China and the window peekers fled in alarm.

—FLORENCE VAN NESS.

YOLOS.

WE, THE Yolo girls, are permitted to make our first bow to the big world through the Annual of 1909. The members of our club are neither good-looking nor very intelligent, but have received grades enough from our specialties and by donations.

"Peaker" Parker—Candy Kid (song)	72
"Bart" Bartholomew—Cultured Voice	76
"Gary" Van Ness—Physche Knot	71
"Sal" Nuppnau—Just Herself	73
"Doc" Evans—Divinity	75
Total	367
Average	75 2-5

As a bunch we received for good looks, 1; as waitresses, 3; good behavior, 3; donations by William Johnston, 3-5. These grades, added to our average, gives us 81, which, as a passing grade, permits us to appear in this big world.

The Yolos have been organized for the past four months, having their meetings every Friday night. We have not only had our regular meetings but have had serenading parties, moonlight strolls, divinity feasts, marshmallow roasts, slumber parties and musicals. All of these have been good stunts and were enjoyed by every one of the Yolos.

D. C. B.

The D. C. B. is the smallest cooking club in existence in Valparaiso, but by no means of the least importance. They can cook things that would make even Caterer Jones herself stand in awe. Berniece's salad and Marie's veal loaf would make one's mouth water. That De Witts have a cow can easily be seen as all of Hazel's dishes are loaded with whipped cream. Cleowa's cake tastes fine, but is sadly in need of a prop. Jeannette's dainties from Windle's are quite like those that mother makes. The New Year's supper at Marie's home was long to be remembered by the D. C. B. and their boy friends. It is needless to say the boys were armed with pain-killer, which was of no avail.

W. A. B.

SHOULD you ask us whence this laughter,
Why these bright and smiling faces,
Brighter far than most around us
Shining with a joy celestial;
We would ask—Have you forgotten
W. A. B. that renowned order—
We who fix those dainty dishes—
Dishes that when served before us
Make our hearts throb with such pleasure
As we gather 'round the camp-fire
And partake of our successes.

The Fates indeed have smiled upon us,
Given to our club great honor,
Coming thus as Oratory
Silver-tongued—ah unsurpassing!
Three of us were in that contest,
Vera, Dorothy and Alice,
And they brought us first and second.
She who won for us the medal
She who moved us with such language
Dorothy, the pride of Arvin;
How can we ever praise or thank her!
Winner of that goodly contest
Judged to be the best 'ere given
In that edifice of learning.

Heap big festival at Christmas!
Never shall the tribe forget it;
Mighty was the crowd that gathered
At the wigwam of Alicia.
Gathered 'round the festive pine-tree,
Clad in all our richest raiment,
And when all had finished feasting
Then it was the mighty pine-tree
Gave us of its gifts abundant.

You shall know how Agnes Sisson
Gave us all long beads of wampum,
Beads indeed of many colors.
It is she who gives such pleasure
When we migrate to her wigwam,
When we gather 'round her camp-fire.

Kelly now has been united
To the tribe of Mos-a-backas,
And her sweet and smiling visage
Buried deep in books of learning;
Buried deep that it is seldom
That she joins our happy number.

One among this band of Wabas
Is deserving of much honor;
She it is who with her brushes
Helps to beautify our wigwams;
She it is who by her acting
Makes us merry at our councils;
By these talents you will know her,
Edna, daughter of Chief Agar.

You shall hear how Margaretta
Went in search of new adventures,
From our number she departed
To the great steel city, Gary,
Where her art in Sten-o-graphy
Won for her a lasting favor
With the great men of the village.

Isa, 'ere the frosty winter
Left its cold and dreary bleakness,
Went to the Land of the Dakotas,
To that far and distant Westland
And set up a house of learning.
But the famine and the fever
Sent her back with speed among us,
And it shall be many winters,
Springs and summers' ere she leaves us
For another distant journey.

One there is who seems to shun us,
Ever scorns us and rejects us,
'Tis the charming Mariola,
Gifted with the greatest learning;
Who by her most wonderous cooking
Charmed away the gnawing hunger.

Honor be to three fair maidens
Who from long and dreary labor
Soon will be departing
To the tribe of V. Alumni;

Afterward in triumph homeward
Come they with their rolls of birch-bark,
They are Vera and that Alice,
She the head of this great number,
And the palefaced Dorothea,
Daughter of Chief "Lether" maker.

Let us not forget to mention
One who when we do assemble
'Round the cheering shining fire-light
Makes us merry with her stories,
Stories of her wild adventures
In her homeland and far countries,
Escapades of roller-skating
For 'tis Gertrude—she of great wit.

Of this merry band of Wabas
Some have chosen occupations;
Soon the palefaced Dorothea,
We can class among that number;
To the band of Libraianas
She will go with greatest gladness
And the others, Vera, Alice,
Of the graduating number,
Also will seek fields of learning,
One to follow Kelly's leading
To the tribe of Mos-a-backas,
While the other with her knowledge
Goes to teach the Hebronanas.

You have heard of all our number,
Of our joys and occupations.
We shall always be together
Bound to each in closest union,
And as thus the poet tells us
"As unto the bow the cord is"
So is each unto the other.

DOROTHY LETHERMAN '09.
GERTRUDE TROUGH '10.

T. M. P.

WHEN, in the course of a high school career, it becomes necessary for a number of students to depart from the daily routine of school life and assume, with numerous other organizations, a separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of their fellow students requires them to declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

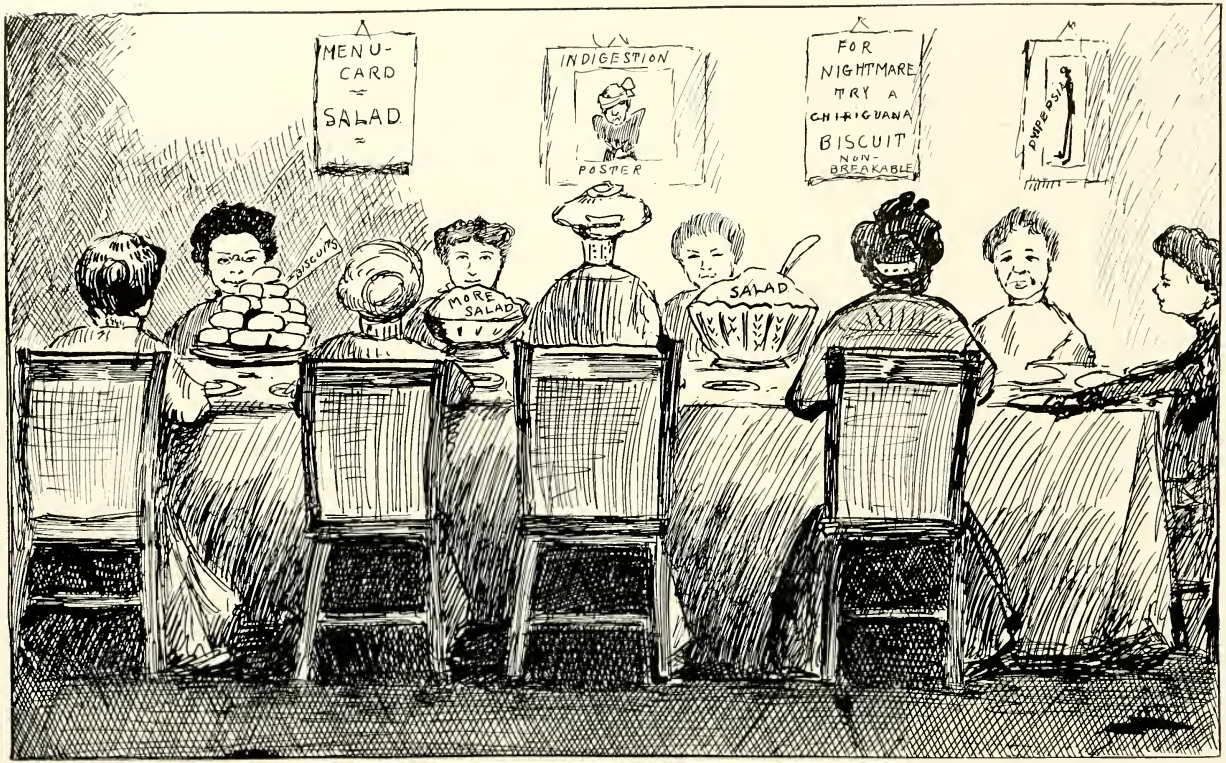
We have no desire to attain renown in the social world, nor do we aspire to great fame in the culinary department. Our sole object in organizing the T. M. P. club was to insure happiness and unlimited pleasures to our high school life.

Our members are all worthy of notice and the reputation of each as "ideal entertainers" is not based merely upon theory or supposition and Sam as a president and host has no equal. We have enjoyed the generosity and hospitality of every one in the organization and feel confident of the ability of the club as a whole. The books of the recording secretary would soon remove any doubt of its competence from any dubious mind.

We have among us a poet, essayist, and story teller, the renowned Nathaniel, who frequently entertains the members with numberless watery, fishy "marine" stories. Tracy, Tommy, Augustus, Algy and Joe are all star members and always have the center of the stage with the spot light full upon them.

All members have now been mentioned but two. We are extremely sorry that we can not have Miss Parke in our midst, but fat letters can easily bridge the space between friends. The other member is lacking in wit and brilliancy (?) and upon all occasions sits in some obscure corner tightly holding a little box in one hand which, upon investigation, proves to be a medicine case. It is Dr. Slammer, a perfectly useless portion of the club until after those sumptuous dinners have been served, when he is very active in administering "dope" to his miserable brothers of the T. M. P. If at some future day his aid should prove inefficient there will be only one stone left in the grave yard of memory upon which will be inscribed the following epitaph:

Here lies a club, the T. M. P.
Their death remains a question.
Eight better cooks you'll never see,
Still they died of indigestion.


MENU-
CARD
SALAD
INDIGESTION
POSTER
FOR
NIGHTMARE
TRY A
CHIRIGUANA
BISCUIT
NON-
BREAKABLE
DYSPEPSIA
BISCUITS
MORE
SALAD
SALAD

CHIRIGUANAS.

ALL hail, Chiriguanas, all hail,
Give ear to your future, don't fail.

Of fame President Mable will claim her just share,
Nor will she be alone all her days to despair,
For Polly will say Aye, and help do his share,
And together they'll prosper this bright clever pair.

Vera Sieb, the smartest of the bunch,
Will always do her share at the lunch,
And with pen and paper great fame she will find,
And will brighten the world with her words, wise but kind.

Louise Richards, the youngest of all,
Will marry a Count, so grand and so tall,
And with him will proudly sail o'er the Ocean,
And be known among many for her family devotion.

Alice Cornell, a red cross on her arm soon will wear,
And will win the hearts of all under her care.
Mabel Fishburn, with her knowledge so rare,
Will return to the High School to fill Wedeking's chair.

Mary Turner will wonder for what she was made,
"To live all alone? To be an old maid?"
She'll ponder o'er this very much, but bless her,
Some day she'll make ready to wed a professor.

Miss Laura Nuppnau, will be a famed heiress,
Sought after and wooed by men, e'en from Paris,
But the one she will wed, will be worth the while,
For she'll marry for love and not for the style.

Berniece Reynolds will shine as society leader,
And many's the heart of which she'll be keeper.
Florence Smith on the stage will surely be "it,"
As the College Widow, she'll make a great hit.

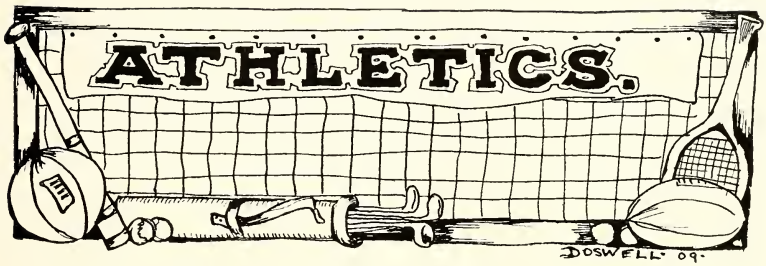
As it is high time for the Chiriguanas to dine,
We will close this poem for 1909.

Captains.

FELTON
Basket Ball

RITTER
Base Ball

STINCHFIELD
Track



BASKET BALL.

A NEW era dawned in the history of athletics in the Valparaiso High School with the opening of the basketball season of 1908 and 1909.

It has been the constant effort since the beginning of athletics to combine athletics with study so that the one should not interfere with the other, and it is thought that that wish has at last been attained for in the past season not one was down in his studies who took part.

At the beginning of the season there was some speculation as to what might be developed in the way of material, but when the players had once become rapt in the spirit of the thing, the material developed itself, and hope rose in the school that this would be the best team ever turned out.

Team after team met defeat at the hands of the determined lads and as the great Englewood game drew near they had not once tasted the bitter gall of defeat.

Then, like a blight, misfortune descended and dashed the hopes of the team when Felton, the star of the season and for several seasons past was ordered by his physician to discontinue athletics.

In spite of his inability to play, he has rendered us a great service righting our errors and making us into an oiled machine.

For a time, this dreadfully discouraged the boys, but by a mighty effort they recovered themselves and with the substitutes to fill the gap they put up such a game as had never before been witnessed in Valparaiso.

This started them on the road to success in finances and honors; although they were defeated by Englewood, it was only by two points; and the crowd that glorious night, in spite of the inclement weather, was such a one as had been only dreamed of by the boys.

DEAN RITTER GARDNER SKINKLE
BERRY FELTON WILSON STINCHFIELD
WOLFE

From this time on large and enthusiastic crowds witnessed the games. Things grew easier and although the absence of Felton was sorely felt it was at this time that we fully realized the wonder we had in Wilson, one of the best forwards that ever donned a suit.

Then there was Stinchfield, who, although pitted against the best centers in the field never bowed to one of them, including Guthridge, the Englewood star.

Then there was Ritter, the best guard in Northern Indiana, enough said, and also Wolf, the sturdy guard, who played with a great regularity and consistency throughout the year.

By the end of the season two good players were developed in Berry and Gardner and their steady playing contributed much toward the ultimate success of the team.

The second team also showed some good work and it is hoped that they may develop some good material for the coming season.

Wilson is the only one of the team who will graduate, which will leave a complete team with which to commence the next season.

The members of the team are:

Stinchfield ..... Center
Wilson ..... Left Forward
Berry and Gardner ..... Right Forward
Ritter ..... Right Guard
Wolf ..... Left Guard
Felton ..... Coach and Right Forward part of the season
Strahls, Dean, Prentiss, Lawrence, Earle, Conover, Tofte, Kitchen ..... Substitutes

BASKET BALL SCHEDULE.

Winning School	*Lossing School*	*Score*	*Date*	*Place*	*Officials*
Valparaiso H. S.	Alumni	54–16	Dec. 4, '08	Valparaiso	Dean
Valparaiso H. S.	Hobart H. S.	74– 8	Dec. 12, '08	Valparaiso	Kilagrew / Dean
Valparaiso H. S.	Hobart H. S.	61– 1	Dec. 19, '08	Hobart	Dean / Woods
Valparaiso H. S.	Crown Point H. S.	25–22	Jan. 9, '09	Crown Point	Dean / Glover
Valparaiso H. S.	East Chicago H. S.	23–21	Jan. 16, '09	East Chicago	Dean
Valparaiso H. S.	Valparaiso Univ.	49– 9	Jan. 23, '09	Valparaiso	Dean
Englewood H. S.	Valparaiso H. S.	23–21	Jan. 30, '09	Valparaiso	Carney / Dean
Valparaiso H. S.	East Chicago H. S.	35–18	Feb. 11, '09	Valparaiso	Haskell / Dean
Valparaiso H. S.	LaPorte H. S.	26–22	Feb. 19, '09	LaPorte	Dean / Bohlen
Valparaiso H. S.	Crown Point H. S.	28–21	Mar. 6, '09	Valparaiso	Grinmer / Dean
Valparaiso H. S.	LaPorte H. S.	40–23	Mar. 12, '09	Valparaiso	Bohlen / Dean

Uncle Ezeriah Goes to a Basket Ball Game.

'AL, ez I wuz sayin' wun day my neffu, Jim—I suppose you no him—he ez wuz my favorite sister's boy. She as married Sam Waggeltail, it mite be sum fifteen years ago—no by gum, it wuz seventeen years ago, come the fourth of July. I remember it waal, seein' ez it wuz on thet day thet Jim Bailey's "Grate Continental Surkuss" kum to Cobb's Corners. I think the posters called it "The Grate Amalegation of Trained Animals en Acrobats"—en every buddy in the nayburhood went to see it. The paraid wuz fine, stretched out most half a mile, en I'll be gum swizzled ef Constuble John Hayes didn't urrest a cupple of clowns ez wuz curvettin' round, thinkin' ez how they wuz a cupple of hayseeds en didn't belong there. W'al, ez I wuz sayin', everybuddy went to the surkuss—even those ez didn't hev the money to go on. I hurd thet no count, shiftless, Crum Backer en his wife a tawkin, in Si Green's store. She wanted to buy a twenty-five pound sack of flour sayin' ez how she didn't hev eny, but sez he, "Ef you all are fool 'nuff to by thet flower weuns won't hev eny money to see thet surkuss. Youns kin borry sum from the naybors when you git hum." En she give in, en went to see the surkuss, en it warn't much 'count nuther. Ez I sed before everybuddy went—even Ann en Sam Waggeltail, who hed bin runnin' with hur most two years, en when I kum back, I'll be gummed ef they hedn't bin en got merried, just after the surkuss.

Ez I wuz sayin' afore I got started on thet surkuss, my neffu Jim kum round en sez, "Kum by a tikut to the Basket Ball game next Saturday nite, it's goin' to be a fine one. Crown Point's a kummin' en you want to kum en see our boys lick 'em proper." I esked him how much it cost, en sez he, "Only fifteen cents." "Why," sez I, "thet's moren I ever giv Sally for sweetmeets when I wuz cortin' hur; but bein' ez how it's you I guess I'll go."

W'al, so we went, Sally, she's my betterhaff you know, tho she called me a fool fur kummin, en Jim took us to the skoolhus, whare we went in.

A feller et the dore held out his hand, en I took it en gev it a good shake en sez, "Howdye! Fine evenin' out." I wuzn't goin' to let them fine city judes git the better uv me, en then I wanted to go in, but he still held his hand out altho his face wuz ruthered bewildered, en Jim, laffin most fit to dye, sez, "He wants your tikuts." Then I wanted to fall thru the flore, but seein' ez how I cudn't, I went down the stairs, with Jim and Sally, to the sellar, which they had well lit up.

When we got there, Jim led us thru a lawng room—I think he called it

a hawl or corruder, I furgit which—into a big room, whare a lot of people, mostly boys and girls, set in wun end. In tother end wur five or six boys all haff dresst. Sally ez soon ez she saw em, screeched en covered hur face with the feather fan, I got hur twenty years ago et the Fare, en told Jim to tell those boys to go en dress, or she'd hev to leeve, seein' ez how it warn't no way proper, en wuz purfeetly skandulus, fur those boys to appear before ladies in them sawed off britches en in thare undershirts. But Jim, he sez ez how they war the players en war dresst all rite.

Then Sally en I took a cheer en looked around. I cudn't see eny taters, or pickels or hard cider keg, sech ez we hev to hum in the sellur, tho I looked all round, en I esked Jim whare they wuz. Jim got mitey red in the face—I suppose it wuz cuz it wuz so hot there—en the feller on the other side of him got red in the face too, en it puckered up, en he commenced to squirm en wiggle, ez if he wuz in grate pane. But Ant Sally put the camfur bottle—she allus kerries it fur faintin' fits—under his nose, en after wun good whif en another squirm he got better, tho it must ev hurt him seein' ez how thar war teers in his eyes. Then Jim eggsplained ez how they didn't hev sech things down there, en call it a "Jim" tho I cudn't see the use of a sellur ef you didn't put taters en sumthin' in it.

Jest then sum more haff-dresst fellers kum in from annuther room in lockstep, jest like they do in a prison—en everybuddy clapped there hands, en I clapped too, tho I didn't see eny thing to clap for, but Jim sez ez how they wuz our fellers.

They begin to play with a round inju rubber bag—'bout the size of a medium punkin—throwin' it et wun anuther, en tossin' et up in the air en lettin' it fall thru a wire hoop, which wuz fastened to a post. I furgot ez how there wuz a net fastened to the hoop; en bein' ez how the bottom had fell out, the ball went rite out agin' en they hed to try it agin. They mite hev saved themselves some trouble by sewin' up the bottom of the nets, but I most no thet boy's ez wuz too all fired lazy to dress properly war too lazy to patch en put en a new bottom.

I'd jes' got to see this, when awl of a suddin', I jumped fur I hurd a noise, most like thet I hurd, when I wuz most run over by a horsecar in Chicago whare I got thet gold brick for only $20.00 from thet nice lookin' feller ez nue me, tho I cudn't place him. But on lookin' round I see two haff dresst boys standin' in the middle of the flore facin' each uther, like they wuz goin' to fite, en I commenced to get eggsited, until I see ez how anuther feller, who wuz all dressed, standin' by them with a whistle in his mouth en the inju rubber ball in his hands. When he blue the whistle, he threw the ball up into the air en the uther two boys jumped fur it. Wun uv them hit it en shoved it et anuther feller ez thru et et anuther feller.

After thet, I didn't see much—the boys run round so much, wavin' there

hands, tossing their arms, en jumpin in each uther's rode, until I thot sure there'd be a fite, but thar wuzn't. I felt sartin frum the way they war kerryin' on they must hev gone mad en would be in a minit tearin' the clothes off each uther's backs. But they didn't. They jest kept on throwin' thet ball round from wan boy to anuther, en tossin' it et the wire hoops with the bottomless bags, which Jim eggsplained war the baskets, but I cudn't see why they wuz called baskets, seein' ez how they wouldn't hold nothin'. En boys en girls round us kept yellin' for "Mother" en "Call" en "Wally," en "Joe" to go ahead en for "Snaky" en "Josh" to 'go it'—sayin' ez how they wuz doin' good work, tho I didn't see eny work to do. The boys jest pranced round wun another en thru thet ball et each other, en thru there arms round jest ez if they wanted to rassel but dassent. But when they thru it into one of the openwork sacks, ez had the wire hoop to hold the mouth open, en out of which the bottom hed fell, en this seemed all they wanted to do, tho sum wanted to put it in the other sack en tried to keep the others from puttin' it in the other hoop en the others wudn't let 'em—the people yelled agin en jumped en got turrible eggsited, tho I cudn't see anything to git eggsited over.

They blew the whistle and called "Time out!" after they kerried on this way fur it mite be haff an hour, stoppin' now en then ez the ball got away frum them en rolled among the spectaters, en when they called a fowl an wun of the boys got in the middle of the floor en threw the ball et the basket, en tho I looked all round the room, I'll be hornswoggled ef I cud see eny chickens or ducks or fur thet matter enything round us that looked like a fowl 'les it might be sum of the girls, that war cacklin, en gigglin' like geese.

Then I got my wraps on reddy to go hum, en wuz jest puttin' that red and yeller silk bandanner, with the spangled stars in it, which I use as a muffler round my neck, when Jim says ez how et warn't over yet—the boys bein' only restin'. Then I set down agin but bein' mitty sleppy now—Sally and I ginerally go to bed at eight o'clock—I dozed off, but Sally, she poked me in the ribs en told me to quit snorin' en not akt a fool afore those boys and girls ez wuz laffin' at me.

Purty soon the whistle blue agin en the boys kum out agin, but seein' ez how they just kerried on the same ez before, jumpin' in each other's road or throwin' et each other en fiten, to git the ball to their basket, I told Sally we'd best be joggin' hum, an we went out and got in the kart and druv hum.

Next mornin' neffu Jim kum round, en asked me how I liked the game, en I answered "Purty well," kind of cawshus like, seein' as Sally wuz near en I didn't want hur to say "Thar I told you so"—tho I didn't enjoy it very much seein' as thar warn't no fiten goin' on, en I cud see the calves and pigs run en jump at hum like them haff dresst boys did, en not pay any fifteen cents for me or anuther fifteen cents for Sally too.

But Jim he liked it en says ez how our boys licked the other team en how

they wuz goin' to put it in the "Anuel." I suppose thet's wun of them nue fangled ways of sayin' animal—tho I didn't see no fite, I gess thet kum after I left—en I can't, for the life of me see ez how they are goin' to get it down the animal en what good it will do the animal to have a game like thet in him.

But you kin bet your hip boots thet I'm not goin' to spend anuther fifteen cents on it rite away.

—SIMON SHINABARGER.

Among the Athletes
Reading Photographer

TRACK.

AST year Valpo's track team showed up better than ever before and won the only two meets which were held. The first one was a dual meet with Crown Point and was captured by a score of 58 1-3 to 40 2-3 and the next one was a county meet, Valparaiso, Hebron, Wheeler, and Boone Grove having entries; the score was Valpo, 62½; Hebron, 42½; Wheeler, 11.

Although several star men were out of the running, having graduated, V. H. S. showed that there was still some splendid material left with which to turn out a winning team.

At the beginning of the season bad weather kept the boys from venturing to the track, and it was feared for a long time that the sport would have to be abandoned for the year, but a favorable change once more made their hopes rise to the highest pitch and it was not long until by constant practice they were in excellent condition.

This year everything is favorable for a successful season and with the backing from the school and residents of Valparaiso, we are going to make Valparaiso High School a thing to be proud of, and we earnestly extend a plea to those interested or otherwise, to join hands in making a name for Valparaiso, by lending us your enthusiasm and attendance at our meets.

There are about fifteen candidates, nearly all of whom have had experience in former contests and we intend to place in the field a team superior to any which has ever been turned out in Valpo.

There is one meet scheduled with Crown Point, but it is not decided yet where it will be held, another with the towns of the county as in former years and besides these, we are trying to enter the Northern Indiana Association so we may send representatives to their meet at South Bend, May 15, 1909.

Taking all in all and considering the difficulties of starting, athletics have been a wonderful success in the Valparaiso High School and if there is any doubt in the minds of the public concerning the question of, "Are athletics a hindrance to school work, or a benefit to study, class spirit, and popularity of the school?" we leave it to you to decide, while we endeavor to support our part of the question; but, we must have the co-operation of every man, woman and child in Valparaiso.

Melvin Stinchfield, Captain
William Strahl
Harry Ritter
Delbert Prentiss
Kenneth Wolf
Percy Lawrence
Raymond Hubble
Truman Hanmer
Joseph Gardner
Hugh Smith
Elbert McQue
Charles Hahnkamp
Reg. Felton, Coach
Eric Payne
Aubrey Dye

FOURTH ANNUAL PORTER COUNTY TRACK MEET.

Held at Valparaiso, 1908.

EVENT	Time, Height, Dist.	WINNER	SECOND	THIRD
100 yard dash	10⅘ seconds	Nichols, H	Aylesworth, H	Gardner, V
Shot put	36 ft. 6 in.	Keuhl, W	Hulquist, H	Felton, V
1 mile run	5 min. 26 sec.	Schenck, V	Bay, W	Ritter V
120 yd. hurdles	18⅘ sec.	Stinchfield, V	Schneider, V	No place awarded
Running broad jump	19 ft. 9 in.	Felton, V	Nichols, H	Stinchfield, V
220 yard dash	24 sec.	Aylesworth, H	Gardner, V	Nichols, H
880 yard run	2 min. 21 sec.	Schenck, V	Ritter, V	Bay, W
220 yd. hurdles	31 sec.	Schneider, V	Stinchfield, V	Fifield, W
50 yard dash	5¼ sec.	Nichols, H	Gardner, V	Hubble, V
Hammer throw	116 ft.	Lawson, H	Keuhl, W	Hulquist, H
Pole vault	9 ft. 3 in.	Brown, H	Lawrence, V	Schneider, V
440 yard dash	57 sec.	Schenck, V	Hanmer, V	Nichols, H
Running high jump	5 ft. 2 in.	Funk, V	Fisher, H	Schneider, V and Brown, H, tie
1 mile relay	4 min. 2 sec.	Valparaiso	Hebron	Wheeler

Referee—H. K. Brown. Starter—Wood Wilson.
Meet won by Valparaiso, 62½ points; Hebron, 2nd, 42½ points; Wheeler, 3rd, 11 points.
Individual Champion—B. Schenck, V, and W. Nichols, H, tie, with 15 points each.

PORTER COUNTY TRACK AND FIELD RECORDS.

EVENT	Time, Height, Dist.	HELD BY	SCHOOL	MADE AT	DATE
50 yard dash	5¼ seconds	L. Smith	Hebron	Valparaiso	1906
100 yard dash	10⅗ sec.	L. Smith	Hebron	Valparaiso	1906
220 yard dash	24 sec.	R. Aylesworth	Hebron	Valparaiso	1908
440 yard dash	55 sec.	L. Smith	Hebron	Valparaiso	1906
120 yard hurdles	18⅘ sec.	M. Stinchfield	Valparaiso	Valparaiso	1908
220 yard hurdles	28 sec.	D. Johnson	Valparaiso	Valparaiso	1905
880 yard run	2 min. 16 sec.	B. Schenck	Valparaiso	Valparaiso	1906
1 mile run	5 min. 5 sec.	B. Schenck	Valparaiso	Hebron	1907
Shot put	36 ft. 6 in.	Keuhl	Wheeler	Valparaiso	1908
Hammer throw	116 feet	F. Lawson	Hebron	Valparaiso	1908
Running high jump	5 ft. 3¾ in.	D. Johnson	Valparaiso	Hebron	1907
Running broad jump	19 ft. 9. in.	R. Felton	Valparaiso	Valparaiso	1908
Pole vault	9 ft. 6 in.	H. Carson	Hebron	Valparaiso	1905
1 mile relay	4 min. 2 sec.	Valparaiso	Valparaiso	Valparaiso	1908

BASEBALL.

It is the intention of the school to have a baseball team this year and a meeting was called to that effect.

Wallace Wilson was chosen captain, but later he resigned and Harry Ritter was chosen in his place.

Last year three games were played, all of which were won by Valparaiso. The games they played were two with Hobart and one with Wanatah. Games were scheduled with R. T. Crane and McKinley High Schools of Chicago but were both cancelled.

This year's games are scheduled with R. T. Crane, McKinley and Wanatah. The boys hope to have a victorious team.

Contributed by
JOSEPH B. GARDNER.

FAMILIAR BOOKS.

"Old Curiosity Shop"—Northwest corner room in H. S. basement.

"The Deserted Village"—Flint Lake in winter season.

"Bleak House"—H. S. building.

"The Prairie"—School land in the northeast corner of Valpo.

"The Simple Life"—That of a Freshman.

"The Light That Failed"—That inspiration on test day.

"The Lost Cause"—Credit in Arithmetic Reviews (for several).

"The Idlers"—Foster and Shinabarger.

"All That Was Possible"—A passing grade.

"Call of the Wild"—The attraction of nature for laboratory students.

"The Mountain of Fears"—Our educational ascent.

"Prisoner of Zenda"—Any Senior.

"Sherlock Holmes Detective Stories"—Mr. Skinkle hunting up miserable absentees.

"Through Thick and Thin"—The H. S. course.

"A Time of Trouble"—The days on which the program is fixed.

"A Friend in Need"—One Senior who will give his paper to another on test day.

"The Slavers"—The faculty.

"To Have and to Hold"—Four B's.

A HIGH SCHOOL DICTIONARY.

Bluffing—The desirable quality of talking much and saying little—the use of hot air.

Blue—The only color we feel.

Cram—To attempt to stuff the brain; to oil the wheels of the head previous to examinations. See mid-night oil.

Diploma—The non-transferable ticket required to get out of High School; a sheepskin; a document which can be secured only on the credit system.

Examination—A weeding implement; a method of increasing the weight; the origin of the flunker.

Flunker—A student desiring to obtain more knowledge in the subject just taken. See 79 per cent.

Freshman—A piece of humanity seen only through the microscope; the source of wit and humor.

Knowledge—An abstract term used to denote the density of the brain.

Pony—A labor-saving device; an animal very treacherous unless carefully trained; a creature almost extinct because of brutal treatment and overwork.

Orations—A new mode of torture very weakening for the knee muscles, but strengthening for the nerve and memory.

Sophomore—A large head with a small piece of body attached; one who thinks he is "it."

Instructor—The imparter of wisdom; the generous giver of zeros.

Simple Ten—One who is a dull green in appearance (and intellect).

Medal—Metallic device warranted to increase the stature from two to six inches when worn on the left side near the heart.

'09 Calendar.

Aug. 31—School opens.

Sept. 1—Registration Day. Average height of H. S. student takes another drop. Dr. William DeMotte.

Sept. 22—Mr. Pinney.

Sept. 30—Laura Nuppnau's hair washed.

Oct. 1—Rev. Avann.

Oct. 7—Rev. Mr. Day.

Oct. 15—Rev. Oldenburg.

Oct. 27—Milton Take—New brand of perfume (superlative degree).

Oct. 29—Rev. Long.

Nov. 2—Miss Roessler and Mrs. Adolph.

Nov. 6—Hay-rack Party at Grace's.

Nov. 10—Mr. Hughart.

Nov. 13—C. U. Declamatory Contest.

Nov. 18—Bourbon Teacher.

Nov. 19—Mr. Elam.

Nov. 23—Mr. Marine has new curling iron.

Nov. 24—Rev. Neil and Rev. Long.

Dec. 2—Rev. Neil and Rev. Long.

Dec. 4—First Basketball game—Valparaiso H. S. vs. V. H. S. Alumni. 54-16 in favor V. H. S.

Dec. 8—Ruth Brown sings.

Dec. 12—Basketball—Hobart vs. H. S. 74-8, Valparaiso's favor.

Dec. 18—School closes for Christmas.

Dec. 19—Hobart vs. V. H. S. (at Hobart) Basketball. 61-1, Valparaiso's favor.

Jan. 4—School opens.

Jan. 7—Rev. Brown.

Jan. 9—V. H. S. vs. Crown Point (at Crown Point) Basketball. 25-22 Valparaiso's favor.

Jan. 12—Mr. Bogarte.

Leland lost.

Jan. 12—Skating pond northeast corner Valpo (deposite funds—Seniors.)

Jan. 16—East Chicago vs. V. H. S. (at East Chicago). 23-21, in favor of V. H. S., Basketball.

Jan. 19—Rev. Oldenburg.

Jan. 20—Hughart has new shoes.

Jan. 22—V. U. vs. V. H. S. (Basketball) V. H. S. favor.

Jan. 26—Mr. Brown, the Birdman (ask Berniece).

Jan. 27—Mr. Miller lectures on the evils of the tobacco habit.

Jan. 30—Basketball—Englewood vs. V. H. S. 23-21 (Englewood). E. H. S. won on awarded points.

Feb. 2—Ground hog day.

Feb.—Mr. Bartholomew.

Feb. 8—S. S. McClure.

Feb. 11—V. H. S. vs. East Chicago (Basketball). 35-18, Valpo's favor.

Feb. 11—Lincoln Entertainment by Faculty.

Feb. 12—Lincoln's birthday (no school).

Feb. 15—Lincoln entertainment by schools.

Feb. 19—LaPorte H. S. vs. V. H. S. Basketball (at LaPorte). 26-22, Valparaiso's favor.

Feb. 22—Washington's birthday. (Not observed.)

Feb. 23—Rev. Bartholomew.

Feb. 26—Chas. Hahnkamp new purple tie.

March 4—Rev. Yuell and Rev. Brown.

March 4—First Preliminary Oratorical Contest.

March 6—Basketball, Crown Point vs. V. H. S. 29-31, Valpo's favor.

March 17—St. Patrick's Day. (Simon celebrates.)

March 12—LaPorte H. S. vs. V. H. S. —Basketball. 40-23, Valpo's favor.

March 24—Flunk tests begin.

March 26—Second Preliminary Oratorical Contest.

March 26 and April 5—A week of bad weather and no studying.

April 1—April fool.

April 5—Back to the foundry! All off for the finish.

April 6—Lieutenant Marquart of U. S. Navy.

April 8—B. Reynolds gets to school on time.

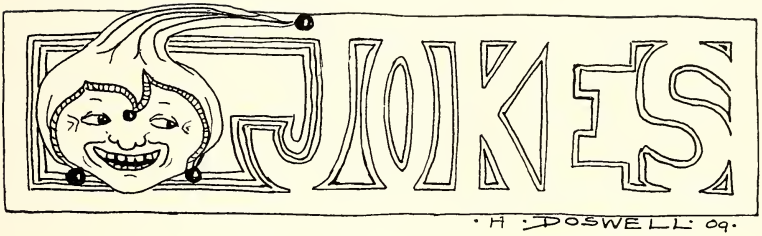
April 9—Something new—"How to Study"—by Prof. Skinkle.

April 12—Mr. Hughart.

April 15—Rev. Bruce Brown speaks.

April 17—Final Oratorical Contest.

April 19—Goes to press. (Amen!)



Advice: Don't think. It's liable to echo in a vacuum.

I saw a man pulling his arms off trying to get on a new pair of shoes, so I said, "They are too small and you will never be able to get them on until after you wear them a spell."

I heard a lady praising the sun, so I said, "The sun may be very good but the moon is a good deal better for she gives us light in the night when we need it, while the sun only shines in the daytime when it is light enough without it."

I saw two men shoot an eagle and as it dropped on the ground I said, "You might have saved your powder for the fall alone would have killed him."

A poor sick man with a mustard plaster on him said, "If I should eat a loaf of bread I'd be a live sandwich."

They say "love is blind" but some Senior boys can see a great deal more beauty in their sweethearts than any other people can.

Mr. Hughart: "What was the date of this event?"
Corinne: "I don't know."
Mr. Hughart: "That's an easy question."
Corinne: "It isn't the question that bothers me; it's the answer."

"What makes such a bad smell about the Postoffice?"
Ans. "The dead letters."

While we were recently having our pictures taken for the Annual Mr. Reading had quite a difficulty in taking the likeness of Simon for he insisted on having it taken to represent him standing behind a tree.

Prof: "What would you call a man who pretends to know everything?"
Freshman: "A professor."

Mr. Skinkle: "Gertrude T., how many sides has a circle?"
Gertrude: "Two."
"What are they?"
"An inside and an outside."

Miss Benney (Latin VIII): "But in what other tense can 'fugit' be found, William?" After William had succeeded in translating it "The king flees."
After a long scratching of the head and numerous promptings William said, "Perfect."
"And how would you translate then?"
"Don't know."
"Why, put a 'has' in it."
William: "The king has flees."

A tutor who tooted the flute,
Once tutored two tutors to toot.
Said the two to the tutor,
"Is it harder to toot, or
To tutor two tutors to toot?"

BOOKS.
"Great Expectations"—Freshmen.
"Pilgrim's Progress"—Sophs.
"Hard Times"—Juniors.
"On the Heights"—SENIORS.
Revised Book List.

Teacher—"Johnny, can you tell how iron was first discovered?"
Johnny—"My father says they smelt it."

Why did the salt shaker?
Because he saw a lemon squeeze her.

Ceasar's dead and buried,
And so is Cicero,
And where these two old gents have gone,
I wish their works would go.
AND STAY.

Alice C.—"Will you please write me an oral composition?"

A pen can be pushed but a pencil must be lead.

Finette B.—(In Parliamentary Law) —"My its cold in here. Guess I'll walk around to get warm."
Vera—"That isn't necessary. Just make a motion."

Louise Black—"I should think you would lose your fob hanging there in plain sight."
Margaret C.—"I always keep a watch on it."

Reg. (to Mr. Skinkle, who is dusting the piano keys)—"That's what you call rag-time, isn't it?"

"What do you think is the real mental attitude of college men toward frivolous girls?"
"I think it is rather sentimental."

"Yes, I know him. He has wheels in his head."
"They must be Ferris wheels, then. He wears a No. 8 hat."

Freshman—"Who is the smallest man in history?"
Soph.—"I give it up."
Freshman—"Why the Roman soldier who slept on his watch."

Miss McIntyre—"Who fought in the Carthaginian war?"
Mary Caldwell—"Soldiers."

I want to be a Senior,
And with the Seniors stand;
With a pony in my pocket
And a Virgil in my hand.

Miss MacQuilkin—"What is a 'relief'?"
Seniors—una voce—"The bell."

Teacher—"Can you give some great man who had an impediment in his speech?"
Tommy—"George Washington. He couldn't tell a lie."

Miss McIntyre—"Describe Henry the 8th."
Glen D.—"He was what you'd call a professional widower."

Miss McI.—"Who were the Pilgrims in the Crusades?"
Gertrude T.—"Holy tramps."

Mr. Hughart—"What industry is next to the meat industry?"
William J.—"Hides."

Absence makes the heart grow fonder,
But also makes your marks grow rounder.

To kiss a lively Junior girl is Faith;
To kiss a lovely Senior girl is Hope;
But to kiss one of our dear school marms is CHARITY.

Freshie—"I believe I smell cabbage burning."
Senior—"Your head is too close to the fire."

Miss Mac.—"Give an illustration of the difference between vision and sight."
Chas. Hannkamp—"Some girls are visions and some are sights."

Harry Ritter's definition of a Senior —"One who has the geography habit. First symptom, studying a geography. Most striking characteristic, geography under the arm."

Mr. Miller (in Physics)—"The law of bellows is as old as the hills. I can remember when they used bellows."

Clippings from Senior geography papers—
"The Trans-Siberian railroad connects New York and Seattle."
"The population of Indianapolis is 10,000 and that of New York is 30,000."
"The Philippine Islands are southeast of the U. S."
"It is about 150 miles from San Francisco to Manila."

Mr. Hughart (in Geography)—"Vera, name a great Atlantic seaport in America."
Vera—"Richmond, North Carolina."

Inquisitive Freshman—"I suppose you attended the ball game last Saturday?"
Mr. Schneider—"No, I had a scrub game of my own right here."

Mr. Wedeking—"Agnes H., what does the word success mean to you?"
Agnes—"It means a new man."

Miss Flint (in Music)—"Now all come in full."

Mr. Hughart—"What is found along the Wabash?"
Corinne—"Why, banks."

Mr. Hughart—"It is so dry in Arizona that it is said they can not even raise an umbrella."

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Isn't it great where a fire drill comes just when you'ur called on?

A close friend is one who refuses to loan you anything.

Mr. Wedeking—"Lloyd F., do you read German with facility?"
Foster—"No, with a dictionary."

"That translation is punk," said Prof. Wedeking. "Cut it out."
"I did," said the student, as the leaves fluttered to the floor.

Lloyd Foster.

I hate to seek my couch at night,
Beneath the snowy spread,
Because I hate to lift my feet
And put them into bed.

Miss McIntyre (discussing colonial government)—"What is a borrough."
Harry R.—"A kind of pack-mule, I guess."

Claude B. (after being refused as escort)—"Edith you have as many airs as a music-box."
Edith (tartly)—"That may be, but I don't go with a crank."

Mr. Miller—"Don't buy a thermometer in summer."
Class—"Why?"
"Because they are lower in winter."

Soph.—"Your hat reminds me of Marshall Field's building."
Freshie—"Why?"
"Because it covers a block."

Senior: Deep wisdom, swelled head, Brain fever, he's dead.
Junior: False fair one, hope fled; heart broken, he's dead.
Soph: Went skating, 'tis said; ice hit him, he's dead.
Freshie: Milk famine, not fed; starvation; he's dead.

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Finette Bartholomew (defining tete-a-tete in English class)—A face to face chat on a sofa.

Florence Van Ness (reading in Soph. Latin)—"Caesar threw a part of the cavalry across the river."
Clarence Davis—"He must have been stronger than Truman Hamner."

What is a manicure parlor?
It's a hand laundry.

Mr. Miller (in Physics)—"Lloyd, you can bring a bottle in the morning and we——"

In English—What is the difference between assault and attack?"
Alice (astonished)—"A salt and a tack?"

Mr. S.—"James, what kind of an angle have you made?"
James (excitedly)—"A cute angle.'

Miss Mcl.—"And Cromwell just walked in there and locked the door and stuck it in his pocket."

Ed Tofte, in Zoo class—"Man descended from monkey."
Mr. H.—"But what did monkey descend from?"
Ed Tofte—"A tree, I suppose."

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Physics Recitation, Prof. Miller—"Lloyd Foster, electricity has stimulated the sale of what articles?"
Foster—"Shoes, dr——."
Mr. Miller—"Explain."
Foster—"Well, today you can buy shoes and get them charged."

W. J. Latin viii (becoming rattled)—"She clung in his embrace to his neck—I don't know how that goes."

Said A to B:
I C U R
Inclined 2 B A J.
Said B to A
U'r mind 1 C
Shows signs of slight D K.

Back street,
Banana peel;
Fat man,
Virginia reel.

Went to college,
Joined the eleven;
Played one game—
Went to Heaven.

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Miss McIntyre—"Under what department does the Life Saving Service come?"

Harwood Earle—"Fish Commission, I guess."

Heard in sewing—"Miss McKinnis, may I baste this on the machine?"

The man—"Edison's a wonder, isn't he?"

The maid—"I don't think so! You can't turn his incandescent lights low."

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